

The Land of Broken Promises

By DANE COOLIDGE

Author of
"THE FIGHTING FOOL," "HIDDEN WATERS,"
"THE TEXICAN," ETC.

Illustrations by DON J. LAVIN

A Stirring Story of the Mexican Revolution

CHAPTER VII.

There are doubtless many philanthropists in the Back Bay regions of Boston who would consider the whipping of Crux Mendez a very reprehensible act. And one hundred dollars was certainly a very small reward for the service that he was to perform.

But Bud and Phil were not traveling for any particular uplift society, and one hundred pesos was a lot of money to Crux Mendez. More than that, if they had offered him a thousand dollars for the same service he would have got avaricious and demanded ten thousand.

He came to the hotel very early the next morning and lingered around a bar or so, waiting for the American gentleman to arise and tell him his fate. A hundred dollars would buy everything that he could think of, including a quantity of mecal. His throat dried at the thought of it.

Then the gentlemen appeared and asked him many questions—whether he was married according to law, whether his wife would sign the papers with him, and if he believed in a hereafter for those who played false with Americans. Having answered all these in the affirmative, he was taken to the agents' mineral, and after signing his name—his one feat in penmanship—to several imposing documents, he was given the precious permit.

When there was another trip to the grounds with a surveyor, to make report that the claim was actually vacant, and Mendez went back to his normal duties as a packer.

On return for this service as a dummy locator, and to keep him under their eye, the Americans engaged El Tuerto, the one-eyed, to pack out a few tools and supplies for them; and then, to keep him busy, they employed him further to build a stone house. All these activities were, of course, not lost on Don Cipriano Aragon y Tros, Palacios, since, by a crafty arrangement of forces, he had made it impossible for anyone to reach the lower country without passing through the crooked street of Old Fortuna.

During the first and second trip of the strange Americans he kept within his dignity, hoping perhaps that they would stop at his store, where they could be engaged in conversation; but upon their return from a third trip, after Crux Mendez had gone through with their supplies, he sent his proud Spanish reserva to the winds and waylaid them on the street. "Buenas tardes, señores," he saluted, as they rode past his store, and then, seeing that they did not break their gait, he held up his hand for them to stop.

"Excuse me, gentlemen," he said, speaking gently but with an affected Spanish lisp, "I have soon you ride past several times—are you working for the big company up at New Fortuna?"

"No, señor," answered De Lancey courteously, "we are working for ourselves."

"Good!" responded Aragon with fatherly approval; "it is better so. And are you looking at mines?"

"Yes," said De Lancey non-committally; "we are looking at mines."

"That is good, too," observed Aragon; "and I wish you well, but since you are strangers to this country and perhaps do not know the people as well as some, I desire to warn you against that one-eyed man, Crux Mendez, with whom I have seen you riding. He is a worthless fellow—a very typical Mexican, one who has nothing—and yet he is always seeking to impose upon strangers by selling them old mines which have no value."

"I have no desire to speak ill of my neighbors, but since he has moved into the brush house up the river I have lost several fine little pigs; and his eye, as I know, was torn from his head as he was chasing another man's cow. I have not suffered him on my ranch for years, for he is such a thief, and yet he has the effrontery to represent himself to strangers as a poor but honest man. I hope that he has not imposed upon you in any way."

"No; not at all, thank you," responded De Lancey, as Bud raised his bridle reins to go. "We bled him to pack out our tools and supplies and he has done it very reasonably. But many thanks, sir, for your warning. Adios!"

He touched his hat and waved his hand in parting, and Bud grinned as he settled down to a trot.

"You can't help palavering 'em, can you, Phil?" he said. "No matter what you think about 'em, you got to be polite, haven't you? Well, that's the way you get drawn in—next time you go by now the old man will pump you dry—you see. No, sir, the only way to get along with these Mexicans is not to have a thing to do with 'em. No savvy—that's my motto!"

"Well, muchas gracias," answered De Lancey. "It doesn't cost anything, and it buys a whole lot."

"Sure," agreed Bud; "but we ain't buying nothing from him—he's the one particular hombre we want to steer clear of, and keep him guessing as long as we can. That's my view of it, pardner."

"Oh, that's all right," laughed De Lancey, "he won't get anything out of me—that is, nothing but a bunch of hot air. Say, he's a shrewd-looking old guinea, isn't he? Did you notice that game eye? He kept it kind of drooped, almost shut, until he came to the point—and then he opened it

up real fierce. Reminds me of a big fighting owl waking up in the daytime. But you just watch me handle him, and if I don't fool the old boy at every turn it'll be because I run out of bull."

"Well, you can hand him the bull if you want to," grumbled Bud, "but the first time you give anything away I'm going to pick such a row with the old cuss that we'll have to make a new town to get by. So leave 'im alone, if you ever expect to see that girl!"

A close association with Phil De Lancey had left Bud not unaware of his special weaknesses, and Phil was undoubtedly romantic. Given a barred and silent house, shut off from the street by whitened walls and a veranda screened with flowers, and the quivering eyes of Mr. De Lancey would turn to those barred windows as certainly as the needle seeks the pole.

On every trip, coming and going, he had combed the Aragon house from the vine-covered corridor in front to the walled-in summer garden behind, hoping to surprise a view of the beautiful daughter of the house. And unless rumor and Don Juan were at fault, she was indeed worthy of his solicitude—a gay and sprightly creature, brown-eyed like her mother and with the same glorious chestnut hair.

Already those dark, mischievous eyes had been busy and, at the last big dance at Fortuna, she had set many heads awirl. Twice within two years her father, in a rage, had sent her away to school in order to break off some ill-considered love affair; and now a battle royal was being waged between Manuel del Rey, the dashing captain of the rurales stationed at Fortuna, and Felix Luna, son of a rich hacienda down in the hot country, for the honor of her hand.

What more romantic, then, than that a handsome American, stopping gracefully into the branch, should keep the thoughtless lovers from slaying each other by bearing off the prize himself?

So reasoned Philip De Lancey, musing upon the case with which he could act the part; but for prudential purposes he said nothing of his vaulting ambitions, knowing full well that they would receive an active veto from Bud. For, while De Lancey did most of the talking, and a great deal of the thinking for the partnership, Hooker



"By What Right Do You Take Possession of My Mine?"

was not lacking in positive opinions; and upon sufficient occasion he would express himself, though often with more force than delicacy. Therefore, upon this unexpected ally about the girl, Phil changed the subject abruptly and said no more of Aragon or the hopes within his heart.

It was not so easy, however, to avoid Aragon, for that gentleman had apparently taken the pains to inform himself as to the place where they were at work, and he was waiting for them in the morning with a frown as black as a thunder cloud.

"He's out," muttered Phil, as they drew near enough to see his face. "What shall we do?"

"Do nothing," growled Bud through his teeth; "you just let me do the talking!"

He maneuvered his horse adroitly and, with a skillful turn, cut in between his partner and Aragon. "¡S días," he greeted, gazing down in burly defiance at the militant Aragon; and at the same moment he gave De Lancey's horse a furtive touch with his spur.

"Buenos días, señores!" returned Aragon, striding forward to intercept them; but as neither of the Americans looked back, he was left standing in the middle of the street.

"That's the way to handle 'im," observed Hooker, as they trotted briskly down the lane. "Leave 'im to me!" "It'll only make him mad," objected De Lancey crossly. "What do you want to do that for?"

"He's mad already," answered Bud. "I want to quarrel with him, so he can't ask us any questions. Get him so mad he won't talk—then it'll be a fair fight and none of this snake-in-the-grass business."

"Yes, but don't put it on him," protested De Lancey. "Let him be friendly for a while, if he wants to."

"Can't be friends," said Bud laconically; "we jumped his claim."

"Maybe he doesn't want it," sug-

gested Phil hopefully. "He's dropped a lot of money on it."

"You bet he wants it," returned Hooker, with conviction. "I'm going to camp out there—the old boy is liable to jump us."

"Aw, you're crazy, Bud!" cried Phil; but Hooker only smiled. "You know what happened to Kruger," he answered. "I'll tell you what, we got to keep our eyes open around here."

They rode on to the mine, which was only about five miles from Fortuna, without discussing the matter further; for, while Phil had generally been the leader, in this particular case Hooker had put Bud in charge, and he seemed determined to have his way so far as Aragon was concerned. In the ordering of supplies and the laying out of development work he deferred to Phil in everything, but for tactics he preferred his own judgment.

It was by instinct rather than reason that he chose to fight, and people who follow their instincts are hard to change. So they put in the day in making careful measurements, according to the memoranda that Kruger had given them; having satisfied themselves as to the approximate locality of the lost vein, they turned back again toward town with their heads full of cunning schemes.

Since it was the pleasure of the Señor Aragon to make war on all who entered his preserves, they checked any attempt on his part to locate the lead by driving stakes to the north of their ledge; and, still further to throw him off, they decided to mark time for a while by doing dead work on a cut. Such an approach would be needed to reach the mouth of their tunnel.

At the same time it would give steady employment to Mendez and keep him under their eye, and as soon as Aragon showed his hand they could make out their final papers in peace and send them to the City of Mexico.

And not until those final papers were recorded and the transfer duly made would they so much as stick a pick into the hillside or show a lump of quartz.

But for a Spanish gentleman, supposed to be all supple curves and sinuous advances, Don Cipriano turned out somewhat of a surprise, for when they rode back through his narrow street again he met them squarely in the road and called them to a halt.

"By what right, gentlemen," he demanded in a voice tremulous with rage—"by what right do you take possession of my mine, upon which I have paid the taxes all these years, and conspire with that rogue, Crux Mendez, to cheat me out of it? It is mine, I tell you, no matter what the agents mineral may say, and—"

"Your mine, nothing!" broke in Hooker scornfully, speaking in the ungrammatical border-Mexican of the cowboys. "We meet one Mexican—he shows us the mine—that is all. The expert of the mining agent says it is vacant—we take it. Stawano!"

He waved the matter aside with masterful indifference, and Aragon burst into a torrent of excited Spanish.

"Very likely, very likely," commented Bud dryly, without listening to a word; "si, señor, yo pienso!"

A wave of fury swept over the Spaniard's face at this gibber and he turned suddenly to De Lancey.

"Señor," he said, "you seem to be a gentleman. Perhaps you will listen to me. This mine upon which you are working is mine. I have held it for years, seeking for the lost vein of the old padres. Then the rebels came sweeping through the land. They stole my horses, they drove off my cattle, they frightened my workmen from the mine. I was compelled to flee—myself and my family—to keep from being held for ransom. Now you do me the great injustice to seize my mine!"

"Ah, no, señor," protested De Lancey, waving his finger politely for silence, "you are mistaken. We have inquired about this mine and it has been vacant for some time. There is no vein—no gold. Anyone who wished could take it. While we were prospecting we met this poor one-eyed man and he has taken out a permit to explore it. So we are going to dig—that is all."

"But, señor!" burst out Aragon—and he voiced his rabid protests again, while sudden faces appeared in the windows and wide-eyed peons stood gawking in a crowd. But De Lancey was equally firm, though he glimpsed for the first time the adorable face of La Gracia as she stared at him from behind the bars.

"No, señor," he said, "you are mistaken. The land was declared forfeit for non-payment of taxes by the minister of Fomento and thrown open for location. We have located it—that is all."

For a minute Don Cipriano stood looking at him, his black eyes heavy with rage; then his anger seemed to fall away from him and he wiped the sweat from his brow.

"Very well," he said at last, "I perceive that you are a gentleman and have acted in good faith—it is only that fellow Mendez has deceived you. Let it pass, then—I will not quarrel with you, my friend—it is the fortune of war. But stop at my store when you go by and come and see me. It is indeed lonely here at times, and perhaps I can pass a pleasant hour with you. My name, señor, is Don Cipriano Aragon y Tres Palacios—and yours?"

He held out his hand with a gracious gesture.

"Philip De Lancey," replied Phil, clasping the proffered hand; and with many expressions of good-will and esteem, with a touching of hats and a wiggling of fingers from the distance, they parted, in spite of Bud, the best of friends.

CHAPTER VIII.

There are some people in this world with whom it seems impossible to quarrel, notably the parents of attractive daughters.

Perhaps, if Gracia Aragon had not been watching him from the window Philip De Lancey would not have been quite so cordial with her father—at least, that was what Hooker thought, and he was so badly peeved at the way things had gone that he said it, too.

Then, of course, they quarreled, and one thing leading to another, Phil told Bud he had a very low way of speaking. Bud replied that, whatever his deficiencies of speech might be, he was not fool enough to be drawn in by a skirt, and Phil rebuked him again. Then, with a scornful grunt, Bud Hooker rode on in silence and they said no more about it.

It was a gay life that they led at night for the Fortuna hotel was filled with men of their kind, since all the staid married men had either moved across the line with their families or were under orders to come straight home.

In the daytime the hotel was nearly deserted, for every man in town was working for the company; but in the evening, when they gathered around the massive stove, it was a merry company indeed.

There were college men, full of good stories and stories not so good, world-wanderers and adventurers with such tales of the East and West as never have been written in books. But not a college boy could match stories with Phil De Lancey, and few wanderers there were who could tell him anything new about Mexico. Also, when it came to popular songs, he knew both the words and the tune. So he was much in demand, and Don Juan passed many drinks across the bar because of him.

In all such festivities the two partners stayed together; Bud, with a broad, indulgent grin, listening to the end, and Phil, his eyes alight with liquor and good cheer, talking and laughing far into the night.

Outside the winter winds were still cold and the Mexicans went wrapped to the eyebrows; but within the merry company was slow to quit, and Phil, waking up for the lonely months when he had utterly lacked an audience, sat long in the seat of honor and was always the last to go.

But on the evening after their spat Bud sat off to one side, and even Phil's sprightly and ventriloquist conversation with the little girl behind the door called forth only a feeble smile.

Bud was thinking, and when engaged in that arduous occupation even the saucy little girl behind the door could not beguile him.

But, after he had studied it all out and come to a definite conclusion, he did not deliver an ultimatum. The old, good-natured smile simply came back to his rugged face; he rolled a cigarette; and then for the rest of the evening he lay back and enjoyed the show. Only in the morning, when they went out to the corral to get their horses, he carried his war-bag with him and, after throwing the saddle on to Copper Bottom, he did the same for their spare mount.

"What are you going to pack out, Bud?" inquired Phil, and Bud slapped his canvas-covered bed for an answer. Then, with a heave, he snaked it out of the harnessroom where it had been stored and slung it deftly across the pack-saddle.

"Why, what's the matter?" said De Lancey, when they were on their way; "don't you like the hotel?"

"Hotel's fine," conceded Bud, "but I reckon I'd better camp out at the mine. Want to keep my eye on that Mexican of ours."

"Aw, he's all right!" protested Phil. "Sure," said Bud; "I ain't afraid he'll steal something—but he might take a notion to quit the country."

"Why, what for?" challenged De Lancey. "He's got his wife and family here."

"That's nothing—to a Mexican!" countered Bud. "But I ain't figuring on the excuse he'd give—that won't buy me nothing—what I want to do is to keep him from going. Because if we lose that Mex now, we lose our mine."

"And—"

"No and to it," said Bud doggedly. "We ain't going to lose him."

"But if we did," persisted De Lancey, "why, then you think—"

"Your friend would get it," finished Hooker grimly.

"Ah, I see," nodded De Lancey, noting the accent on "friend." "You don't approve of my making friends with Aragon."

"Oh, that's all right," shrugged the big cowboy; "it won't make no difference now. Go ahead, if you want to." "You mean you can get along without me?"

"No," answered Bud, "I don't mean nothing—except what I say. If you want to palaver around with Aragon, go to it. I'll round up Mendez and his family and keep 'em right there at the mine until we get them papers signed—after that I don't care what hap-

pens."

"Oh, all right," murmured De Lancey in a subdued tone; but if his conscience smote him for the moment it did not lead to the making of any sentimental New Year's resolutions, for he stopped when he came to the store, and exchanged salutations with Aragon, who was lounging expectantly before his door.

"Buenos días, Don Cipriano!" he hailed. "How are you this morning?" "Ah, good morning, Don Felipe," responded Aragon, stopping forth from the shadow of the door. "I am very well, thank you—and you?"

"The same!" answered Phil, as if it were a great place of news. "It is fine weather—not?"

"Yes, but a little dry!" said Aragon, and so they passed it back and forth in the accepted Spanish manner, while Bud hooked one leg over the horn of his saddle and regarded the hacienda with languid eyes.

But as his gaze swept the length of the vine-covered corridor it halted for a moment and a slow smile came over his face. In the green depths of a passion-flower vine he had detected a quick, birdlike motion; and then suddenly, like a transformation scene, he beheld a merry face, framed and



It Was a Merry Company, Indeed.

Illuminated by soft, golden locks, peering out at him from among the blossoms. Except for that brief smile he made no sign that he saw her, and when he looked up again the face had disappeared.

Don Cipriano showed them about his mesquite plant, where his men kept a continual stream of liquid fire running from the copper worm, and gave each a raw drink; but though De Lancey gazed admiringly at the house and praised the orange trees that hung over the garden wall, Spanish hospitality could go no farther, and the visit ended in a series of adioses and much-as-gracias.

"Quick work!" commented Phil, as they rode toward the mine; "the old man has got over his grouch." "Um," mused Bud, with a quiet, brooding smile; and the next thing he rode into town he looked for the masked face among the flowers and smiled again. That was the way Gracia Aragon affected them all.

He did not point out the place to Phil, nor betray her by any sign. All he did was to glance at her once and then ride on his way, but somehow his heart stood still when he met her eyes, and his days became filled with a pensive, brooding melancholy.

"What the matter, Bud?" rallied Phil, after he had jolted him for a week; "you're getting mighty quiet lately. Got another hunch—like that one you had up at Agua Negra?"

"None," grinned Bud; "but I'll tell you one thing—if old Aragon don't spring something pretty soon I'm going to get uneasy. He's too dog-goned good-natured about this."

"Maybe he thinks we're stuck," suggested De Lancey.

"Well, he's awful happy about something," said Bud. "I can see by the way he droops that game eye of his—and smiles that way—that he knows we're working for him. If we don't get a title to this mine, every tap of work we do on it is all to the good for him; that's a cinch. So sit down now and think it out—where's the joker?"

"Well," mused Phil, "the gold is here somewhere. He knows we're not fooled there. And he knows we're right after it, the way we're driving this cut in. Our permit is good—he hasn't tried to buffalo Mendez—and it's a cinch he can't denounce the claim himself."

"Maybe he figures on letting us do all the work and pay all the denouncement fees and then spring something big on old One-Eye," propounded Bud. "Scare 'im up or buy 'im off, and have him transfer the title to him. That's the way he worked Kruger."

"Well, say," urged Phil, "let's go ahead with our denouncement before he starts something. Besides, the warm weather is coming on now, and if we don't get a move on we're likely to get run out by the revoloteos."

"Nope," said Bud; "I don't put this into Mendez's hands until I know he's our man—and if I ever do I know I'll keep him under my six-shooter until the last paper is signed, believe me. I know we're in bad somewhere, but burying up won't help none."

"Now I tell you what we'll do—you go to the mining agent and get copies of all our papers and send them up to that Gadsden lawyer. I'm going to go down and board with Mendez and see if I can read his heart."

So they separated, and while Phil stayed in town to look over the records Bud ate his beans and tortillas with the Mendez family.

They were a happy little family, comfortably installed in the stone house that Mendez had built, and rap-

—after that I don't care what hap-

Feko's Bitters

The Great Spring Medicine made from

Pure Roots and Herbs.

The Best Spring Tonic and Blood

Purifier

WRIGHT & HAY,

Washington Square Newport, R. I.

Charles M. Cole,

PHARMACIST,

802 THAMES STREET

Two Doors North of Post Office

NEWPORT, R. I.

J. D. JOHNSTON,

Architect and Builder,

Plans and Estimates; furnished on application. General Jobbing, Mason, Tile and Plaster Work executed with dispatch.

Shop at Mill St. Office at Palmer St. U. S. Box 161. Residence 100 Church St.

ARCTIC ICE CO.

WHOLESALE

AND

Retail Dealers.

This company is prepared to furnish ice of the best quality and in quantities at prices as low as can be purchased in the city.

Telephone connection, 57-11.

Office, Commercial Wharf

JOHN H. DUNNE, Secy.

GET YOUR

ICE CREAM

—AT—

Koschny's,

230 & 232 THAMES STREET.

Or at his

Branch Store, 16 Broadway

Cake, Ice Cream, CONFECTIONERY.

STRICTLY FRESH FIRST CLASS and EVERY DAY.

YOU CAN PATENT

anything you invent or improve; also get CAVEAT, TRADE MARK, COPYRIGHT or DESIGN PROTECTED. Send model, sketch, or picture for free examination and advice.

BOOK ON PATENTS FREE. No attorney's fee before patent.

Write to C. A. SNOW & CO.

Patent Lawyers, WASHINGTON, D. C.

MICHAEL F. MURPHY,

Contractor

—AND—

BUILDER

OF MASON WORK,

NEWPORT, R. I.

Filing, Draining and all kinds

of Jobbing attended to.

Orders left at

Calendar Avenue.

NEWPORT

Transfer Express Co

TRUCKERS

—AND—

General Forwarders

Heavy Trucking, a Specialty.

Estimates Given on any Kind of Carriage

or Automobile Telephone at any address

PRINCIPAL OFFICE 31 Bellevue Avenue

BRANCH OFFICES, 1122 Thames St. and 114

New York, Freight Dept.

Telephone 714.

CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE.

THE IMPORTANCE OF THE STOMACH.

Upon Its Condition Depends
Happiness or Misery.

Perhaps one of the most frequent complaints of the stomach is constipation of the bowels, or continuous constipation.

When your food rests so long in your stomach, that nature is forced to remove it, and usually resort to some extreme physical which, while affording you some relief, acts so suddenly on the parts affected as to shock and weaken them.

THE BOWELS, like a balky horse, to work properly must be coaxed, and gradually urged to perform their functions.

The soothing action of that great Kidney and Liver medicine, DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY, is gentle and delicate, yet its relief is immediate and effective.

It is of importance to every individual to use a proper remedy for CONSTIPATION OF THE BOWELS. The thousands of grateful testimonials, from both sexes, who have been completely cured by Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, is the best evidence of the POWER AND MERIT of this wonderful medicine.

Druggists sell it in New York and elsewhere. The regular \$1.00 size bottle. Sample bottle, enough for trial, free by mail. Dr. David Kennedy Corporation, Rochester, N. Y.

Dr. David Kennedy's Bath Room Cream Cures all sorts of skin and scalp diseases. Free.

NEW ENGLAND STEAMSHIP CO.

FALL RIVER LINE
TO NEW YORK

STEAMERS

COMMONWEALTH and PRISCILLA

Lv. Long Wharf, New York, daily, at 8.00 P. M., due New York 7.00 A. M. Orchestra on each.

WICKFORD LINE

STEAMER GENERAL

Lv. NEWPORT LONG WHARF

(Week Days Only.)

Lv.	Due	Lv.	Due
New York, New York, New York	New York, New York, New York	New York, New York, New York	New York, New York, New York
10.00 a.m.	11.00 a.m.	12.00 p.m.	1.00 p.m.
2.00 p.m.	3.00 p.m.	4.00 p.m.	5.00 p.m.
6.00 p.m.	7.00 p.m.	8.00 p.m.	9.00 p.m.
10.00 p.m.	11.00 p.m.	12.00 a.m.	1.00 a.m.
2.00 a.m.	3.00 a.m.	4.00 a.m.	5.00 a.m.
6.00 a.m.	7.00 a.m.	8.00 a.m.	9.00 a.m.
10.00 a.m.	11.00 a.m.	12.00 p.m.	1.00 p.m.
2.00 p.m.	3.00 p.m.	4.00 p.m.	5.00 p.m.
6.00 p.m.	7.00 p.m.	8.00 p.m.	9.00 p.m.
10.00 p.m.	11.00 p.m.	12.00 a.m.	1.00 a.m.
2.00 a.m.	3.00 a.m.	4.00 a.m.	5.00 a.m.
6.00 a.m.	7.00 a.m.	8.00 a.m.	9.00 a.m.
10.00 a.m.	11.00 a.m.	12.00 p.m.	1.00 p.m.
2.00 p.m.	3.00 p.m.	4.00 p.m.	5.00 p.m.
6.00 p.m.	7.00 p.m.	8.00 p.m.	9.00 p.m.
10.00 p.m.	11.00 p.m.	12.00 a.m.	1.00 a.m.
2.00 a.m.	3.00 a.m.	4.00 a.m.	5.00 a.m.
6.00 a.m.	7.00 a.m.	8.00 a.m.	9.00 a.m.
10.00 a.m.	11.00 a.m.	12.00 p.m.	1.00 p.m.
2.00 p.m.	3.00 p.m.	4.00 p.m.	5.00 p.m.
6.00 p.m.	7.00 p.m.	8.00 p.m.	9.00 p.m.
10.00 p.m.	11.00 p.m.	12.00 a.m.	1.00 a.m.
2.00 a.m.	3.00 a.m.	4.00 a.m.	5.00 a.m.
6.00 a.m.	7.00 a.m.	8.00 a.m.	9.00 a.m.
10.00 a.m.	11.00 a.m.	12.00 p.m.	1.00 p.m.
2.00 p.m.	3.00 p.m.	4.00 p.m.	5.00 p.m.
6.00 p.m.	7.00 p.m.	8.00 p.m.	9.00 p.m.
10.00 p.m.	11.00 p.m.	12.00 a.m.	1.00 a.m.
2.00 a.m.	3.00 a.m.	4.00 a.m.	5.00 a.m.
6.00 a.m.	7.00 a.m.	8.00 a.m.	9.00 a.m.
10.00 a.m.	11.00 a.m.	12.00 p.m.	1.00 p.m.
2.00 p.m.	3.00 p.m.	4.00 p.m.	5.00 p.m.
6.00 p.m.	7.00 p.m.	8.00 p.m.	9.00 p.m.
10.00 p.m.	11.00 p.m.	12.00 a.m.	1.00 a.m.
2.00 a.m.	3.00 a.m.	4.00 a.m.	5.00 a.m.
6.00 a.m.	7.00 a.m.	8.00 a.m.	9.00 a.m.
10.00 a.m.	11.00 a.m.	12.00 p.m.	1.00 p.m.
2.00 p.m.	3.00 p.m.	4.00 p.m.	5.00 p.m.
6.00 p.m.	7.00 p.m.	8.00 p.m.	9.00 p.m.
10.00 p.m.	11.00 p.m.	12.00 a.m.	1.00 a.m.
2.00 a.m.	3.00 a.m.	4.00 a.m.	5.00 a.m.
6.00 a.m.	7.00 a.m.	8.00 a.m.	9.00 a.m.
10.00 a.m.	11.00 a.m.	12.00 p.m.	1.00 p.m.
2.00 p.m.	3.00 p.m.	4.00 p.m.	5.00 p.m.
6.00 p.m.	7.00 p.m.	8.00 p.m.	9.00 p.m.
10.00 p.m.	11.00 p.m.	12.00 a.m.	1.00 a.m.
2.00 a.m.	3.00 a.m.	4.00 a.m.	5.00 a.m.
6.00 a.m.	7.00 a.m.	8.00 a.m.	9.00 a.m.
10.00 a.m.	11.00 a.m.	12.00 p.m.	1.00 p.m.
2.00 p.m.	3.00 p.m.	4.00 p.m.	5.00 p.m.
6.00 p.m.	7.00 p.m.	8.00 p.m.	9.00 p.m.
10.00 p.m.	11.00 p.m.	12.00 a.m.	1.00 a.m.
2.00 a.m.	3.00 a.m.	4.00 a.m.	5.00 a.m.
6.00 a.m.	7.00 a.m.	8.00 a.m.	9.00 a.m.
10.00 a.m.	11.00 a.m.	12.00 p.m.	1.00 p.m.
2.00 p.m.	3.00 p.m.	4.00 p.m.	5.00 p.m.
6.00 p.m.	7.00 p.m.	8.00 p.m.	9.00 p.m.
10.00 p.m.	11.00 p.m.	12.00 a.m.	1.00 a.m.
2.00 a.m.	3.00 a.m.	4.00 a.m.	5.00 a.m.
6.00 a.m.	7.00 a.m.	8.00 a.m.	9.00 a.m.
10.00 a.m.	11.00 a.m.	12.00 p.m.	1.00 p.m.
2.00 p.m.	3.00 p.m.	4.00 p.m.	5.00 p.m.
6.00 p.m.	7.00 p.m.	8.00 p.m.	9.00 p.m.
10.00 p.m.	11.00 p.m.	12.00 a.m.	1.00 a.m.
2.00 a.m.	3.00 a.m.	4.00 a.m.	5.00 a.m.
6.00 a.m.	7.00 a.m.	8.00 a.m.	9.00 a.m.
10.00 a.m.	11.00 a.m.	12.00 p.m.	1.00 p.m.
2.00 p.m.	3.00 p.m.	4.00 p.m.	5.00 p.m.
6.00 p.m.	7.00 p.m.	8.00 p.m.	9.00 p.m.
10.00 p.m.	11.00 p.m.	12.00 a.m.	1.00 a.m.
2.00 a.m.	3.00 a.m.	4.00 a.m.	5.00 a.m.
6.00 a.m.	7.00 a.m.	8.00 a.m.	9.00 a.m.
10.00 a.m.	11.00 a.m.	12.00 p.m.	1.00 p.m.
2.00 p.m.	3.00 p.m.	4.00 p.m.	5.00 p.m.
6.00 p.m.	7.00 p.m.	8.00 p.m.	9.00 p.m.
10.00 p.m.	11.00 p.m.	12.00 a.m.	1.00 a.m.
2.00 a.m.	3.00 a.m.	4.00 a.m.	5.00 a.m.
6.00 a.m.	7.00 a.m.	8.00 a.m.	9.00 a.m.
10.00 a.m.	11.00 a.m.	12.00 p.m.	1.00 p.m.
2.00 p.m.	3.00 p.m.	4.00 p.m.	5.00 p.m.
6.00 p.m.	7.00 p.m.	8.00 p.m.	9.00 p.m.
10.00 p.m.	11.00 p.m.	12.00 a.m.	1.00 a.m.
2.00 a.m.	3.00 a.m.	4.00 a.m.	5.00 a.m.
6.00 a.m.	7.00 a.m.	8.00 a.m.	9.00 a.m.
10.00 a.m.	11.00 a.m.	12.00 p.m.	1.00 p.m.
2.00 p.m.	3.00 p.m.	4.00 p.m.	5.00 p.m.
6.00 p.m.	7.00 p.m.	8.00 p.m.	9.00 p.m.
10.00 p.m.	11.00 p.m.	12.00 a.m.	1.00 a.m.
2.00 a.m.	3.00 a.m.	4.00 a.m.	5.00 a.m.
6.00 a.m.	7.00 a.m.	8.00 a.m.	9.00 a.m.
10.00 a.m.	11.00 a.m.	12.00 p.m.	1.00 p.m.
2.00 p.m.	3.00 p.m.	4.00 p.m.	5.00 p.m.
6.00 p.m.	7.00 p.m.	8.00 p.m.	9.00 p.m.
10.00 p.m.	11.00 p.m.	12.00 a.m.	1.00 a.m.
2.00 a.m.	3.00 a.m.	4.00 a.m.	5.00 a.m.
6.00 a.m.	7.00 a.m.	8.00 a.m.	9.00 a.m.
10.00 a.m.	11.00 a.m.	12.00 p.m.	1.00 p.m.
2.00 p.m.	3.00 p.m.	4.00 p.m.	5.00 p.m.
6.00 p.m.	7.00 p.m.	8.00 p.m.	9.00 p.m.
10.00 p.m.	11.00 p.m.	12.00 a.m.	1.00 a.m.
2.00 a.m.	3.00 a.m.	4.00 a.m.	5.00 a.m.
6.00 a.m.	7.00 a.m.	8.00 a.m.	9.00 a.m.
10.00 a.m.	11.00 a.m.	12.00 p.m.	1.00 p.m.
2.00 p.m.	3.00 p.m.	4.00 p.m.	5.00 p.m.
6.00 p.m.	7.00 p.m.	8.00 p.m.	9.00 p.m.
10.00 p.m.	11.00 p.m.	12.00 a.m.	1.00 a.m.
2.00 a.m.	3.00 a.m.	4.00 a.m.	5.00 a.m.
6.00 a.m.	7.00 a.m.	8.00 a.m.	9.00 a.m.
10.00 a.m.	11.00 a.m.	12.00 p.m.	1.00 p.m.
2.00 p.m.	3.00 p.m.	4.00 p.m.	5.00 p.m.
6.00 p.m.	7.00 p.m.	8.00 p.m.	9.00 p.m.
10.00 p.m.	11.00 p.m.	12.00 a.m.	1.00 a.m.
2.00 a.m.	3.00 a.m.	4.00 a.m.	5.00 a.m.
6.00 a.m.	7.00 a.m.	8.00 a.m.	9.00 a.m.
10.00 a.m.	11.00 a.m.	12.00 p.m.	1.00 p.m.
2.00 p.m.	3.00 p.m.	4.00 p.m.	5.00 p.m.
6.00 p.m.	7.00 p.m.	8.00 p.m.	9.00 p.m.
10.00 p.m.	11.00 p.m.	12.00 a.m.	1.00 a.m.
2.00 a.m.	3.00 a.m.	4.00 a.m.	5.00 a.m.
6.00 a.m.	7.00 a.m.	8.00 a.m.	9.00 a.m.
10.00 a.m.	11.00 a.m.	12.00 p.m.	1.00 p.m.
2.00 p.m.	3.00 p.m.	4.00 p.m.	5.00 p.m.
6.00 p.m.	7.00 p.m.	8.00 p.m.	9.00 p.m.
10.00 p.m.	11.00 p.m.	12.00 a.m.	1.00 a.m.
2.00 a.m.	3.00 a.m.	4.00 a.m.	5.00 a.m.
6.00 a.m.	7.00 a.m.	8.00 a.m.	9.00 a.m.
10.00 a.m.	11.00 a.m.	12.00 p.m.	1.00 p.m.
2.00 p.m.	3.00 p.m.	4.00 p.m.	5.00 p.m.
6.00 p.m.	7.00 p.m.	8.00 p.m.	9.00 p.m.
10.00 p.m.	11.00 p.m.	12.00 a.m.	1.00 a.m.
2.00 a.m.	3.00 a.m.	4.00 a.m.	5.00 a.m.
6.00 a.m.	7.00 a.m.	8.00 a.m.	9.00 a.m.
10.00 a.m.	11.00 a.m.	12.00 p.m.	1.00 p.m.
2.00 p.m.	3.00 p.m.	4.00 p.m.	5.00 p.m.
6.00 p.m.	7.00 p.m.	8.00 p.m.	9.00 p.m.
10.00 p.m.	11.00 p.m.	12.00 a.m.	1.00 a.m.
2.00 a.m.	3.00 a.m.	4.00 a.m.	5.00 a.m.
6.00 a.m.	7.00 a.m.	8.00 a.m.	9.00 a.m.
10.00 a.m.	11.00 a.m.	12.00 p.m.	1.00 p.m.
2.00 p.m.	3.00 p.m.	4.00 p.m.	5.00 p.m.
6.00 p.m.	7.00 p.m.	8.00 p.m.	9.00 p.m.
10.00 p.m.	11.00 p.m.	12.00 a.m.	1.00 a.m.
2.00 a.m.	3.00 a.m.	4.00 a.m.	5.00 a.m.
6.00 a.m.	7.00 a.m.	8.00 a.m.	9.00 a.m.
10.00 a.m.	11.00 a.m.	12.00 p.m.	1.00 p.m.
2.00 p.m.	3.00 p.m.	4.00 p.m.	5.00 p.m.
6.00 p.m.	7.00 p.m.	8.00 p.m.	9.00 p.m.
10.00 p.m.	11.00 p.m.	12.00 a.m.	1.00 a.m.
2.00 a.m.	3.00 a.m.	4.00 a.m.	5.00 a.m.
6.00 a.m.	7.00 a.m.	8.00 a.m.	9.00 a.m.
10.00 a.m.	11.00 a.m.	12.00 p.m.	1.00 p.m.
2.00 p.m.	3.00 p.m.	4.00 p.m.	5.00 p.m.
6.00 p.m.	7.00 p.m.	8.00 p.m.	9.00 p.m.
10.00 p.m.	11.00 p.m.	12.00 a.m.	1.00 a.m.
2.00 a.m.	3.00 a.m.	4.00 a.m.	5.00 a.m.
6.00 a.m.	7.00 a.m.	8.00 a.m.	9.00 a.m.
10.00 a.m.	11.00 a.m.	12.00 p.m.	1.00 p.m.
2.00 p.m.	3.00 p.m.	4.00 p.m.	5.00 p.m.
6.00 p.m.	7.00 p.m.	8.00 p.m.	9.00 p.m.
10.00 p.m.	11.00 p.m.	12.00 a.m.	1.00 a.m.
2.00 a.m.	3.00 a.m.	4.00 a.m.	5.00 a.m.
6.00 a.m.	7.00 a.m.	8.00 a.m.	9.00 a.m.
10.00 a.m.	11.00 a.m.	12.00 p.m.	1.00 p.m.
2.00 p.m.	3.00 p.m.	4.00 p.m.	5.00 p.m.
6.00 p.m.	7.00 p.m.	8.00 p.m.	9.00 p.m.
10.00 p.m.	11.00 p.m.	12.00 a.m.	1.00 a.m.
2.00 a.m.	3.00 a.m.	4.00 a.m.	5.00 a.m.
6.00 a.m.	7.00 a.m.	8.00 a.m.	9.00 a.m.
10.00 a.m.	11.00 a.m.	12.00 p.m.	1.00 p.m.
2.00 p.m.	3.00 p.m.	4.00 p.m.	5.00 p.m.
6.00 p.m.	7.00 p.m.	8.00 p.m.	9.00 p.m.
10.00 p.m.	11.00 p.m.	12.00 a.m.	1.00 a.m.
2.00 a.m.	3.00 a.m.	4.00 a.m.	5.00 a.m.
6.00 a.m.	7.00 a.m.	8.00 a.m.	9.00 a.m.
10.00 a.m.	11.00 a.m.	12.00 p.m.	1.00 p.m.
2.00 p.m.	3.00 p.m.	4.00 p.m.	5.00 p.m.
6.00 p.m.	7.00 p.m.	8.00 p.m.	9.00 p.m.
10.00 p.m.	11.00 p.m.	12.00 a.m.	1.00 a.m.
2.00 a.m.	3.00 a.m.	4.00 a.m.	5.00 a.m.
6.00 a.m.	7.00 a.m.	8.00 a.m.	9.00 a.m.
10.00 a.m.	11.00 a.m.	12.00 p.m.	1.00 p.m.
2.00 p.m.	3.00 p.m.	4.00 p.m.	5.00 p.m.
6.00 p.m.	7.00 p.m.	8.00 p.m.	9.00 p.m.
10.00 p.m.	11.00 p.m.	12.00 a.m.	1.00 a.m.
2.00 a.m.	3.00 a.m.	4.00 a.m.	5.00 a.m.
6.00 a.m.	7.00 a.m.	8.00 a.m.	9.00 a.m.
10.00 a.m.	11.00 a.m.	12.00 p.m.	1.00 p.m.
2.00 p.m.	3.00 p.m.	4.00 p.m.	5.00 p.m.
6.00 p.m.	7.00 p.m.	8.00 p.m.	9.00 p.m.
10.00 p.m.	11.00 p.m.	12.00 a.m.	1.00 a.m.
2.00 a.m.	3.00 a.m.	4.00 a.m.	5.00 a.m.
6.00 a.m.	7.00 a.m.	8.00 a.m.	9.00 a.m.
10.00 a.m.	11.00 a.m.	12.00 p.m.	1.00 p.m.
2.00 p.m.	3.00 p.m.	4.00 p.m.	5.00 p.m.
6.00 p.m.	7.00 p.m.	8.00 p.m.	9.00 p.m.
10.00 p.m.	11.00 p.m.	12.00 a.m.	1.00 a.m.
2.00 a.m.	3.00 a.m.	4.00 a.m.	5.00 a.m.
6.00 a.m.	7.00 a.m.	8.00 a.m.	9.00 a.m.
10.00 a.m.	11.00 a.m.	12.00 p.m.	1.00 p.m.
2.00 p.m.	3.00 p.m.	4.00 p.m.	5.00 p.m.
6.00 p.m.	7.00 p.m.	8.00 p.m.	

Established by Franklin in 1758.

The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

PUBLISHED BY MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.

Office Telephone 193
Home Telephone 1810

Saturday, June 20, 1914.

The President is still wedded to his idols. These idols are trust legislation and the hampering of business. He tells callers that he will insist on the passage of all his trust bills and will keep Congress in session till October to do it. He still insists that business of the country is good and that dullness was only psychological.

Pres. Underwood of the Erie, railroad system in letter to Sharon Civic Association calling for fair treatment for railroads, says: "If the people of the country are to have what they want in the way of railroad facilities, it is about time they took the side of the railroads instead of that of the grasping, dishonest Administration."

Congressman Underwood has announced that he favors an adjournment of Congress early in July with the understanding that the President shall call an extra session immediately after the elections so that anti-trust legislation may be disposed of before the regular December session. Perhaps when the election returns come in the President may learn a little wisdom and will not be so anxious for trust legislation as he is now.

The present Administration will be obliged to revise the tariff again or issue bonds because of the failure of the income tax on individuals to yield more than one-half the amount expected and because the balance of trade has swung heavily against the United States as the result of the new tariff. Bond issuing was the favorite employment of the Cleveland Administration. Under Democratic management history repeats itself.

England is happy over the back-slowing of the United States on the free trade question and as a natural consequence the English papers lauded the President in no unmeasured terms. The Daily Chronicle says: "It will increase still further the President's personal ascendancy." Daily Mail says: "President Wilson has done a fine thing in the right way." Morning Post says: "It is a hard-won triumph for President Wilson, who exposed himself to the charge of seeking to purchase British friendship by the sacrifice of American interests."

The Boston & Maine is about to make one of the biggest cuts in its working force in its whole history. It is estimated that only 85 per cent. of the men now employed will remain on the payroll. Station, clerical and yardmaster forces are those affected most seriously. The change will take effect next week. It is understood the plan is to take off trains running an aggregate of 4000 miles a day. In many cases whole shifting crews will be dropped at once. Yet the President still insists that the business depression is merely psychological.

Political straws show which way the wind is blowing. General indications point to sweeping Republican victories all over the country this fall. But the two specific instances wherein judgment has already been passed on the Wilson policies are in the Seventh District of New Jersey and the Twelfth District of Massachusetts. In the former, the President wrote a letter, asking the people to "pass judgment on the present Administration." They took him at his word and elected a Republican to Congress, the first time in fourteen years. In the Massachusetts district, the Democrats themselves elected a man positively opposed to the President on his toll-repeals policy. Nuff said! You can draw your own conclusions.

Business Men in Politics.

The following resolution, urging upon business men a larger participation in national affairs, was unanimously adopted by the American Protective Tariff League at the annual meeting of 1914.

Resolved, That it is in the power and certainly within the rights of American business men to exert a potential influence in American politics. Business has rights which politicians are bound to respect. To the end that these rights shall be respected The American Protective Tariff League recommends and urges a larger participation in political affairs by business men. It is important that they shall exert increased influence in public affairs. More business men in politics are needed for the congressional, state and presidential campaigns of 1914 and 1916. If the public business is to be conducted with intelligent and sane regard for the business needs and the prosperity of the country.

An Expert Statement.

U. S. Senator Weeks of Massachusetts says crops promise an unusually bounteous harvest, but business is far from satisfactory, especially in the East. The balance of international trade is against us, and we are paying our indebtedness in unusual shipments of gold, and I see no prospect of their being discontinued so long as we continue to import more than we export. Our loss on this account will be \$50,000,000 this year. Most of the Administration's measures since Jan. 1 have been unnecessary and wrong, from the standpoint of sound business men.

Old Cruiser Brooklyn.

(Philadelphia Bulletin.)

Merely as a matter of sentiment it would appear that the navy department made a good investment when it ordered the repair and refitting of the old cruiser Brooklyn, instead of sending her to the scrap heap to be broken up and sold as junk, as was at one time threatened. Memories of the valiant service performed by her, as Schley's flagship in the battle with Cervera's fleet off Santiago in 1898, are fresh enough to cause the people of the country to hold her in affectionate regard as an object of historical interest and the farther the event becomes removed, the deeper that interest is likely to be.

Furthermore, the vessel, which is "antiquated" as naval affairs go, is a striking lesson showing the rapid advance made in maritime architecture since she was launched, only 21 years ago. Hailed then as a queen of the seas and a splendid achievement of the shipbuilders' genius, she is today hopelessly outclassed in armament and defensive power and theoretically valueless in an engagement.

But, now that her overhauling has been completed at the League Island yard, where she has lain "in reserve" for a decade, it seems that she is still worth something more than an ornament or a relic, for she is to be sent to the Asiatic station as the flagship of the squadron, where her mission will be chiefly to stand as a dignified symbol of the national authority. At any rate, it is gratifying to know that she is not to be cast aside, like some of the famous fighting frigates of earlier days, but will be allowed to rest honorably on her laurels.

Brewers Getting Ready.

(Westerly Sun.)

The great American desert is growing in the Middle West and the dries are making so much headway that the brewers in Milwaukee are not investing their dividends in the old business, but putting it into real estate, so that if that big state should happen to go dry at any freak turn of the Wisconsin people they would not have their incomes cut off entirely. If they are given a few more years of business they will have invested a neat fortune in another line, which gives them plenty to live on in the years to come. The result has been that where breweries have been in localities which have gone dry the brewers have found that not only their incomes were cut off but their investments were of no value. They have that always to look forward to.

Minnesota, in the north part, has suddenly been wiped up dry by the supreme court, which has reversed the opinion of the circuit court. The highest court has decreed that by the treaty of 1855 between the United States government and the Chippewa Indians it is still unlawful and must apparently to the end of time be unlawful to bring intoxicating liquors into the ceded territories formerly occupied by the Indians.

Thus an appreciable area has been added to the great American desert, and no irrigation is to be hoped for, but only dry farming.

New Pastor Installed.

Rev. Charles Edwin Silcox was ordained to the Congregational ministry and installed as pastor of the United Congregational Church on Wednesday evening, a large congregation being present to witness the ceremonies. Mr. Silcox is a recent graduate of Andover Theological Seminary, and was called to the pastorate of the Newport church before being ordained to the ministry. In the afternoon there was an ecclesiastical council held, at which the qualifications of the candidate were discussed and approved. At the evening service, the records of the council were read by Rev. James Austin Richards, a former pastor of the United Congregational Church, and President Albert Parker Fitch, D. D., of Andover Theological Seminary, preached the sermon. The ordination prayer was offered by the father of the young minister, Rev. Edwin D. Silcox of Toronto. Rev. Gains Glenn Atkins, D. D., of Providence, presented the right hand of fellowship, and welcomed Mr. Silcox to the Congregational ministry. Rev. Mr. Richards gave the charge to the people, and at the conclusion of the service, the benediction was pronounced by the new minister, Rev. C. Edwin Silcox.

Unfair Handicap.

Willie had resigned his position in the big bakery, where he labored in the pie department and had gone to work in a carpenter's shop for smaller wages. The social investigator having heard about Willie questioned him.

"Aren't you sorry you left the bakery and came to this shop?" she asked kindly.

"No'm," Willie answered quickly. "But you get less money."

"Well, what was the matter with the bakery?"

"Twix this way," explained Willie.

"It hurt my mouth. I wuz in de pie part, de cherry pie part, an' I had to stone cherries. An' de got a rule over there dat all de boys has to whistle all de time dey's workin', so as to show dey ain't eatin' no cherries."—Popular Magazine.

There was a young fellow named Leigh, Who tried to turn night into day.

At the setting of sun He would start out for fun, And at daylight he'd crawl in the height.

—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Old Soldier and the Administration.

The dismissal of union veterans of the Civil War from the Washington City post office has brought a storm of criticism on the Wilson administration. Senators and Representatives in Congress have taken up the veterans' fight and a thorough investigation is promised. The Honorable Julius Kahn, Representative from California, in a recent speech, paid the following beautiful tribute to the living veterans of the Civil War:

"It is well to remember the dead, but let us not forget our duty to the living. And especially to those living soldiers and sailors who, in the years of their youth, were ready to sacrifice their lives, if need be, upon the altar of a united country. Their number is diminishing rapidly. Most of them have lived far beyond man's allotted period of three score years and ten. Comparatively few of them have been able to draw substantial prizes in the lottery of life. This is especially true of the rank and file. Many of them were more boys when they enlisted. But they had the hearts of men within their breasts. They were ready to perform and often did perform the valorous deeds of bearded men. Their age was not deemed an obstacle to the faithful and honest performance of duty to their country. Their services were welcomed gladly by a great and grateful Government. Some of these, after they had grown to man's estate, after they had laid aside the implements of war, after they had been honorably discharged from the military service, decided to serve their country still in its civil service. Just as they had performed their duty faithfully and honestly on the battle field, so they performed their duty faithfully and honestly in the executive departments of this Government."

"True, they have grown weary and old in that service. Is that a fault? Has old age grown to be a crime? Some men clothed with a little brief authority would make it so. But their actions will be resented as it should be by the citizens of this Government. The proverbial ingratitude of Republics must not apply to these men. The compensation they received while in the very height of their lives, while in the fullest vigor of their faculties, was not a princely fortune. Many of them had families to rear. Many of them have not been able to save much from their meagre compensation for the almost inevitable rainy day. Some of them have become superannuated. To my mind it is a disgrace to our country that they have been thus thrust out, at an advanced age, on the very threshold of the grave, to fight the battle of life in competition with their fellow men. At best, their years will be few. Even if they were totally incapacitated, which they are not, it would be a fitting recognition of their past services to continue them in the public service until they peacefully close their eyes in death."

"The few dollars that will be saved as the result of the discharge of these aged men will be squandered probably in some less deserving cause. But how can you assuage the sorrow, the grief, the pain that must come to these old veterans when they are told that this great American Commonwealth which they helped to save must throw them adrift in their declining days in order to make room for younger men?"

State Handicaps on Industry.

(Boston News Bureau.)

Wherein a common national jurisdiction shall properly supersede the varying or conflicting edicts of 48 state sovereignties becomes a more definite issue as our economic activities spread and grow more complex.

When the great bulk of our area was pastoral in character, when transportation and the rivalries it created were in their infancy, and manufacture was restricted to a small fraction of our territory, there was no great practical interest in state debates as to reserved and delegated powers, between state and nation. But the diffusion of mills, railroads and markets has transformed the issue from words to dollars. There is an increasing requirement of parity of opportunity, to be attained through a substantial uniformity of statute regulation governing each form of enterprise.

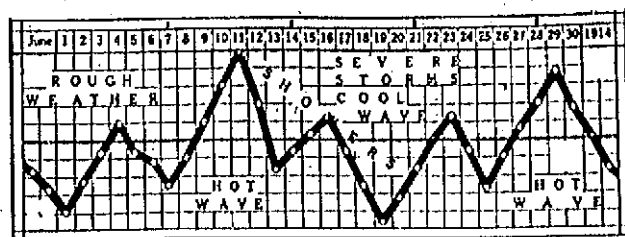
It can be attained in two ways, promotion of uniformity in state legislation or assumption of control by Washington. The former is of course much the slower and less sure. A considerable but very gradual progress toward a common code among the states as to certain basic concerns has been achieved by the legal body devoting itself to that aim; it has secured success on such matters as negotiable instruments and bills of lading, and is now working toward uniformity on such topics as marriage and divorce. Its scope, however, is limited to things clearly pertaining to state sovereignty exclusively. Outside that pale are several large issues that by their nature so change or fluctuate as not to be permanently regulated by fixed statute and that can most effectively be regulated by one predominant agency—Washington.

The Shreveport rate case, delimiting if not pretty nearly destroying the states' control over railroad rates, has finally set clear the issue as regards the fundamental concern of transportation. Railroad rates shall no more be the prey of state jealousy or reprisal. As warrant or premise for this outcome there already existed, of course, a few pregnant words in the Constitution and the original and amended federal statutes creating thereunder and endowing with power the Interstate Commerce Commission.

But other provinces of business there are, for which no such constitutional or legal premises exist, that seem almost equally to need one master, not many, since the insistence of the time is that they shall somehow be mastered or regulated. The insurance companies, for example, have had troublesome experiences with more than one state. Hence the campaign begun by Pres. Kingsley of the New York Life Co. for a constitutional amendment that shall make insurance the sole concern of Congress or its delegated agents.

A still greater issue waits in the statutory control over the conditions of human labor, affecting all manufacture, and indeed the costs and prices of everything. The age at which the worker may begin, the hours he shall work daily or weekly, and the prescribed conditions under which he shall work, may mean, under the modern intersectional competition of industry, nearly or quite as much as do the railway rates on the finished products. Also the state which permits unlimited exploitation of child labor and is

WEATHER BULLETIN.



June will average warmer than usual. Rainfall will be generally deficient. Most rain in eastern section, particularly in north Atlantic sections. Not many severe storms. Most severe storms not far from June 20. Not good crop weather month; too dry except in northeastern sections. Very hot near June 1 and 20. Very cool near June 19. Showers are expected June 12 and 20.

Treble line represents normal temperatures. Where the temperature line goes above this normal line indicates warmer and where it goes below indicates cooler than usual. Temperature line dates are for Meridian 90. Count one to three days earlier for west of that line and as much later for east of it in proportion to the distance from that line which runs north and south through St. Louis.

Copyrighted 1911, by W. T. Foster.

Washington, D. C. June 18, 1914.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent June 21 to 25, warm wave 20 to 24, cool wave 23 to 27. This disturbance will have important effects on the growing crops. It will follow a period of great storm forces that will cause showers in Canada and northern parts of the States. This disturbance is expected to bring less of the showers and more of the drought conditions, particularly along and south of latitude 40.

The disturbance, or storm wave, during a great drought, draws the moisture out of, instead of sending it into, the soil; it becomes a dryer, an evaporator instead of a wetter, a precipitator. Therefore, in the States this disturbance will increase the drought and in Canada it will increase the rainfall.

Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about June 25, cross Pacific slope by close of 27, great central valleys 28 to 30, eastern sections July 1. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about June 26, great central valleys 28, eastern sections 30. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about June 29, great central valleys July 1, eastern sections July 3.

This will bring a hot wave, increase the drought along and south of latitude 40 and continue the rains in northern sections, as the storm approaches, but as the cool wave comes in a great change in weather conditions may result.

careless as to the welfare of its adult workers of either sex suffers thereby a deterioration in the caliber of its citizenship, as compared with more humane commonwealths. For state and nation such contrast in conditions is not socially good, any more than it is industrially fair.

MIDDLETOWN.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

COURT OF PROBATE.—At the Court of Probate held on Monday, June 15, the following estates were passed upon.

Estate of Mary Ward Greene. On the petition of William Brenton Greene, Junior and Katharine Porter Greene, will was proved and ordered: recorded and letters testamentary directed to issue to petitioners, as Executors. Bond required of Executors in the sum of \$500.00, to pay debts and legacies.

Estate of Joseph F. Albino. On the petition of Jane E. Albino, will was proved and ordered: recorded and letters testamentary granted to petitioner, as sole Executrix, she giving bond in the sum of \$500.00, to pay debts and legacies.

Estate of Charles F. Chase. On the petition of Daniel M. Chase, he was appointed administrator and required to give bond in the sum of \$300.00, with Mary E. Chase and Albert L. Chase, as sureties. For appraisers, Edward Almy, Joshua Coggeshall and James R. Chase were appointed.

In Town Council. It was voted to replace the wooden bridge at the junction of Prospect avenue with Paradise avenue, with one of re-inforced concrete, to be built under the direction of Robert W. Smith and Julian F. Peckham, according to the plan and specifications therefor, prepared by Clarence I. Hussey, a civil Engineer in the employ of the State Board of Public Roads.

The following accounts were allowed and ordered paid from the town treasury.

Peckham Brothers Company for crushed stone applied to Turner's Lane \$280.00; For use of steam roller \$85.25; For crushed stone applied to Second and First Beach avenue \$225.68; use of steam roller \$45.00; For crushed stone furnished Road District number 4 \$57.73; Walter S. Barker, superintending the application of oil to the road beds \$15.00; for ordinary repairs \$91.00; work in Turner's Lane \$157.00; Julian F. Peckham, for ordinary repairs \$16.36; work in applying stone to Beach avenue \$164.83; Joseph A. Peckham for ordinary repairs \$155.11; Total on highways \$1264.07.

Other accounts allowed were those of Arthur A. Brigham, services as Janitor \$6.67; Thomas C. Ward disbursing bounty to claimants for killing skunks \$7.00; T. T. Pitman Corporation, advertising notice of assessors of Taxes \$22.50; Jeannette Goffe, clerical assistance in office of Town Clerk 4 weeks \$40.00; Simon Hart for rubber stamp and pad \$1.60; Kerr Brothers, preparing plans for changing Oliphant school-house \$20.00; Telephone Company \$6.92; Bay State Street Railway Company \$2.28; William B. Scott and Company fixtures for watering cart \$3.00; Accounts for the relief of the Poor \$30.00; Total for all purposes \$1404.04.

Edward E. Peckham was appointed an auctioneer and Abraham Solomon was granted a license to collect junk. The Council adjourned to meet at the Town Clerk's Office, on Saturday, at 7.30 p. m., for revising the list of jurors and drawing jurors for the judicial year beginning on the second Monday in July.

ANOTHER TAX LEVY.—The assessors of Taxes have been in session at the Town Hall on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of this week and engaged in making a new valuation of the property in the town, subject to local taxation, and in apportioning another town tax thereon.

There was a large crowd in attendance under the exercises at the Beach last Sunday under the auspices of Newport Lodge of Elks in honor of Flag Day. The principal addresses were delivered by Judge Jeremiah P. Mahoney of this city, and Mr. E. Mark Sullivan of New York.

That storm wave will come so close to the time when a great and radical change in crop weather is expected that we are not able to say whether the change will occur with this storm or the one that will cross continent July 2 to 6. This is a matter of too much importance to take any risks at this time. Millions of dollars are invested in the growing crops and a sudden change to a general and severe drought, or to general rains that would rot corn, oats, cotton, etc., along and south of latitude 40, might cause a great loss to thousands of business people.

Bulletin dated June 27 will be published in the newspapers June 27 or 28 and it will contain complete, detailed forecasts of rainfall and drought from that time to August 2. Millions of dollars depend on the crop weather of July and we will use the greatest care in that matter. Many farmers are holding their old grain and many local dealers are holding cotton for higher prices. In next bulletin we will give our best judgment as to how long they should continue to hold their grain and cotton.

This storm wave to cross the continent June 27 to July 1 will cause severe storms and our danger signals are ready to hang out for those dates. The storm forces will also be unusually intense for several days following June 20 and all should be on the alert for dangerous storms. Better not go sailing or boating on Sunday June 21.

At a meeting of the Board of Trade on Tuesday evening, steps were taken to arrange further details for the visit of the Worcester Chamber of Commerce in July. An effort is being made to secure plenty of automobiles for the visitors to ride about the city, and the committee having the matter in charge has increased from five to twenty. A complaint in regard to motor boat mufflers was also acted upon.

"Don't tell me there is nothing in fortune telling," exclaimed the fiancée. "I consulted one today, and she described you to a dot."

"What did she say?" inquired the fiancé.

"She said you had thoughtful eyes, a firm mouth and a noble brow."—Kansas City Journal.

WEEKLY ALMANAC, JUNE, 1914.

STANDARD TIME.											
	Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon rises	High Morn.	Wa E		Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon rises	High Morn.	Wa E
20 Sat	4 07	7 25	1 31	5 28	5 30	21 Sun	4 01	7 28	1 33	6 09	6 12
21 Sun	4 01	7 28	2 45	6 49	6 52	22 Mon	4 07	7 28	2 45	6 49	6 52
22 Mon	4 07	7 28	3 56	7 30	7 35	23 Tues	4 08	7 27	5 08	8 10	8 15
23 Tues	4 08	7 27	6 20	8 52	8 57	24 Wed	4 08	7 27	7 33	9 37	9 42
24 Wed	4 08	7 27	8 45	10 27	10 32	25 Thurs	4 08	7 27	9 57	11 17	11 22
25 Thurs	4 08	7 27	11 09	12 07	12 12	26 Fri	4 00	7 27	12 21	1 07	1 12
26 Fri	4 00	7 27	1 33	2 03	2 08	27 Sat	4 00	7 27	1 33	2 03	2 08
Moon's 1st Apr. June 1						9 03am	Morning				
Moon's 1st May June 8						12 38m,	Morning				
Moon's 1st June June 15						2 20m,	Morning				
New Moon June 21						10 31m	Morning				
Moon's 1st July June 30						2 25m,	Evening				

Deaths.

In this city, 12th inst., Barbara Elizabeth, daughter of Elvira and Elizabeth Olway, aged 1 year, 8 months and 1 day.

In this city, 15th inst., Elizabeth S., widow of James V. Cooper, aged 66 years.

In this city, 16th inst., Thomas F., son of Maria and late of Alfred M. M. M., aged 10 years.

In this city, 18th inst., William Ebbitt.

In this city, 18th inst., Harriet W., widow of Bernard J. Benson.

In Bridgeport, Conn., 18th inst., Margaret F. Mowatt.

In Rochester, Mass., 11th inst., Mrs. Wm. Thorpe, youngest sister of Mrs. Wm. K. Corbin.

In Middletown, 14th inst., Third Beach road, Julia Nicita, wife of George A. Brown in her 61st year.

HOUSES, SITES AND FARMS

Persons living in other States, away from Newport and wishing information for their selves or friends regarding tenements, houses furnished and unfurnished, and farms or sites for building, can ascertain what they want by writing to

A. O'D. TAYLOR,

REAL ESTATE AGENT,

122 Bellevue Avenue, Newport, R. I.

Mr. Taylor's Agency was established in 1881. He is a Commissioner of Deeds for the principal States and a Notary Public. Has a Branch Office open all summer in Jamestown, for Summer Villas and Country places.

ASK ANY HORSE

Eureka Harness Oil

Mica Axle Grease

Sold by dealers everywhere
Standard Oil Co. of New York

SAYS THAW MUST REMAIN IN CUSTODY

Supreme Court Denies Bail to Matteawan Fugitive

Harry K. Thaw was denied release on bail pending consideration by the United States supreme court of his extradition from New Hampshire to New York.

The court also declined to grant the request that Thaw be taken to Pittsburgh in the custody of Sheriff Drew of Coos county, N. H., to testify in the settlement of his father's estate.

Judge Aldrich of the federal court in New Hampshire ordered Thaw's release on habeas corpus proceedings. The supreme court will next pass upon that.

ALLEGED MINE BOOMERS

Senators Overman and Chilton to Have Themselves Investigated

The way was opened in the United States senate for an investigation of the use of senate stationery and the alleged employment of government officials in connection with the promotion of a North Carolina gold mine. Senator Overman, one of those mentioned in connection with the mine, introduced a resolution calling for such an inquiry and it was introduced by Senator Chilton, whose name figured in the same way.

The resolution was referred to the committee on contingent expenses, and probably will be reported for action within a few days.

FRANK HISCOCK DEAD

Was Recognized Leader of Republican Party in Congress

Former United States Senator Frank Hiscock died suddenly at Syracuse, N. Y. He was 80 years old.

Hiscock was member of six congresses and was a recognized leader of the Republican party in the house. He was born in Pompey, N. Y., Sept. 5, 1834. He was called to the bar in 1855. He was elected to the Forty-Fifth, Forty-Sixth, Forty-Seventh, Forty-Eighth and Forty-Ninth congresses.

Hiscock was one of Horace Greeley's most ardent supporters for the presidency in 1872.

HOSPITAL SHIP ASHORE

Maine, Given to England by Americans, May Be Total Wreck

The hospital ship Maine, presented to the British nation by American women during the South African war, went ashore in the Firth of Lorne, off Scotland, in a fog. It is feared she will become a total wreck.

The Maine, which was attached to the home fleet of the British navy, had a large number of patients on board at the time of the accident. All were placed in the ship's boats, where they remained until the arrival of other vessels, summoned by wireless telegraphy.

RIVER SET ON FIRE

Fire Chief Deaf to Earnest Requests to "Let It Burn"

The East Newark, N. J., firemen put out a fire in the Passaic river, although hundreds of long-suffering residents along its banks begged them to "let it burn."

The stream is covered with several inches of oily scum from the New Jersey factories. Somebody dropped a match on this. When the firemen answered a call, the blaze was high in the air and roaring like a tempest. It was checked after burning two miles of the "river top."

A HUNDRED MASSACRED

Neither Women Nor Children Spared by Turks in Asia Minor

Greek refugees from Asia Minor report the massacre by Turks of 100 Greeks, including priests, old men, women and children, in the town of Phokla.

The town, according to the official report, was invaded by a horde of armed men, who looted and set fire to all the buildings. They are said to have been assisted by the Turkish police.

GOTHAM ELECTION FRAUDS

Six Inspectors Sent to Prison and Many Other Fined

Twenty-two election officials were sentenced at New York for fraud in connection with the special constitutional convention amendment election in the Twelfth assembly.

Six inspectors were sent to the penitentiary for six months. The others, including inspectors and poll and ballot clerks, were fined \$100 each.

Probe of

"SHOOTING THE SUN."

Simplest Way of Locating a Ship's Position at Sea.

Out of sight of land a ship's geographical position is determined either by keeping a careful record of the course steered and the distance run, known as dead reckoning, or by the combined use of chronometer and sextant—that is, by observation of the heavenly bodies. The operation of finding the latitude and longitude of observation can be performed in a number of ways, of which the simplest and most convenient is by measuring the altitude of the sun above the horizon at noon, as is indicated on the verner of the sextant and spoken of as "shooting the sun." An arithmetical computation by the aid of logarithms is thus quickly made which shows exactly how far the ship is north or south of the equator, or, in other words, the latitude.

Finding the longitude, however, is a somewhat longer process. An observation is made either in the forenoon or afternoon, the chronometer time of the horizon contact of the sun's image being noted. A calculation is then made which gives the exact time at the spot where the ship happens to be, and, as the chronometer carried aboard shows the exact time at Greenwich, the prime meridian of longitude, the difference between the two expresses in hours and minutes, readily convertible into degrees and minutes, the distance east or west of Greenwich.

Having thus, roughly speaking, found the latitude and longitude, a dot placed on the chart at the exact point where the lines of latitude and longitude cross denotes the ship's position.—*Travel Magazine.*

FLOGGED THE FAT MEN.

Spartan Cure For Those Who Grow Too Stout For Military Duty.

Among the ancient Spartans every thing was considered secondary to military efficiency, and with a view to securing this the boys and men were by law kept in a continual state of "training." No deformed child was allowed to live. Boys were taken from their homes and subjected to military regulations at the age of seven. They were compelled to wear the same single garment winter and summer. At twenty they joined the ranks and from that age till they reached sixty were required to dine at the public tables, where only a certain quantity was supplied for each man. The magistrates interfered in absurdly small matters. They regulated the degree of fatness to which it was lawful for any citizen to extend his body.

Those who dared to grow too fat or too soft for military service and exercise were sometimes soundly flogged. Aelian in his history relates that Naucles, son of Polytus, was brought before the ephors (magistrates) and the whole assembly of Sparta, and "his unwarlike fatness" was publicly exposed and he was threatened with perpetual banishment if he did not bring his body within the regular Spartan compass and give up the culpable mode of living, which was declared to be more worthy of an Ionian than a Spartan.

A Literary Coterie.

Gubbins, who calls his living room the library, but is otherwise a good sort enough, brought home a near-sighted friend to dinner the other night. A young lady was standing near the door to welcome the guest.

"Allow me," said Gubbins, "to present you to my daughter."

The guest bowed, but the courteous inclination was directed not toward Miss Gubbins, but toward another of the household treasures, a plaster pillar surmounted by a bust.

"No, no," hastily interposed Gubbins, "to the right, not to the left, the one on the left is Homer."—*New York Post.*

Very Little Difference.

"Men have an advantage that women never can possess," she complained. "Whenever a man wishes to hide his identity he can, by letting his whiskers grow or by shaving them off as the case may be, change his expression completely."

"That isn't so much of an advantage," he replied. "A woman can by putting on her complexion or leaving it off as the case may be, make just as much of a change in her appearance as a man is able to make in his with or without the aid of his whiskers."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Glaciers.

It has been demonstrated that the glacier does not move in one block, but flows, accommodating itself to the channel in which it moves. Professor Tyndall planted a row of sticks in a straight line across a glacier, and after a few days the line had become a crescent, showing that the middle of the glacier moved faster than the sides, just as in a river the stream is strongest in the center.

Ma Knew.

It was nearly midnight. "That fellow who is calling on Maude hates to go," growled Maude's papa.

"Why, it seems to me the young man is pretty far gone already," replied Maude's mamma, complacently.—*Philadelphia Record.*

A Fond Mother.

Called to the bedside of a fond mother's baby boy, the doctor diagnosed the ailment as acute rheumatism. The mother responded quickly:

"Acute rheumatism. I might have known it; everything he does or says is just as cute!"—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Breaking It Gently.

Little Floyd—Why don't you kill that old hen, Mr. Neighbors? Mr. Neighbors—What old hen do you mean, my boy? Little Floyd—The one that pecks you all the time. I heard mother say you had been henpecked ever since you got married.—*Chicago News.*

Forewarned.

Caller—Will you see if your sister is in? Gussie—Yes, sir, but I don't think she will be. She saw you coming up the steps.—*Albany Journal.*

Wise Mexican Mules.

"The mule in Mexico is a wise animal," says a man who has studied the animal in that country. "A Mexican mule will do just as much work and not a bit more. The riding mule, for instance, is fully aware of the distance, down to a rod, he is supposed and required to traverse in the progress of one traveling day, and all the sharp sticks or goads or dynamite on earth won't get him to do a bit more than what he knows to be the correct distance. The Mexicans have got a peculiar saying in connection with this characteristic of the Mexican mule. You ask a Mexican how far it is by muleback to such and such a point.

"Two days' journey if you are not rushed, but three days if you are in a hurry," the Mexican will reply.

"His meaning is that if you don't ask more of your mule than you should ask of him the mule will be able to make the trip in two days. But if you attempt to drive the brute he'll soldier on you, and in consequence the journey will take you three days."

Cairo's Corkscrew Tower?

Writing of the ancient mosque of Ibn-Tulun, Cairo, John A. Todd in "The Banks of the Nile" shows how accidental was the design of its odd looking tower. Ahmed Ibn-Tulun was one day holding a council of state when he allowed his attention to wander and sat idly twiddling a piece of paper between his fingers, shaping it into a whorl. Suddenly he realized that the councilors were waiting for his decision to a question. But what question?

At his wife's end to avoid confusion of such discourses, he continued in silence to twiddle the whorl of paper. Suddenly he spoke: "Call my architect," for the plans of his new mosque were under consideration. The Copt appeared in fear and trembling no doubt. "You see this paper. Make me a tower for my mosque like that." The situation was saved, and the shape of the tower, with its corkscrew outside stair, is there to this day to confirm the story.

The Deceased Wife's Sister.

The law against marrying a deceased wife's sister, which caused so much discussion in England at one time, grew out of an ancient tribal law forbidding a father to sell more than one daughter to the same man when the Briton was emerging from polygamy and when for just 21 shillings of the present money a man might dismiss his wife or kill her if she would not go. As civil law it was to protect the living wife and knit tribes closer together by intermarriage. When ecclesiastical law became supreme a misreading of some scripture text was used to put the sister of a man's wife among the prohibited degrees of relationship. This was the act of 1541 (22 Henry VIII): "A man may not marry his deceased wife's sister or her daughter, but he may marry his first cousin."—*London Standard.*

Tearing Cards.

At the Hatterville club in Paris not long ago a man achieved a record by tearing a pack of playing cards in one pull—two, 2 minutes 32 seconds. The events in this card-tearing contest were:

Tearing the greatest possible number of cards tied together top and bottom—time allowance, three minutes; tearing a pack of eighty cards in the quickest possible time; tearing the greatest possible number of cards in four.

This is a form of "sport" wherein many Frenchmen specialize. The men who enter the contests are not necessarily powerful, but they possess enormous strength in their fingers, a strength that is further developed by careful training.—*Washington Star.*

A Nice Point.

None of the maids of honor to the queen of England is allowed to keep a diary. A young lady who did not know of this rule was congratulating a newly made maid of honor.

"And what interesting things you'll be able to write in your diary!" she said.

"But it is an understood thing that a maid of honor does not keep a diary," the other pointed out.

"But I think I should keep one all the same," said her friend.

"Then you wouldn't be a maid of honor!" was the retort.—*London Answers.*

TRAGIC BRAVERY.

Sublime Act of a Hero Who Went to a Watery Grave.

In the chapel at Glenalmond school in Perthshire, Scotland, there is a marble slab with this affecting story recorded upon it:

There was once in the school a pupil named Alexander Cummo Russell, who became an officer in the Seventy-fourth highlanders when only a lad of seventeen. In connection with the memorable loss of the Birkenhead he won immortal glory. The troopship struck upon a rock; the soldiers were formed in ranks upon the deck to die; the women and children were being saved in boats.

Russell was ordered into one of the boats to command it, and a little way off he watched with dimmed eyes the doomed ship. When she went down he saw creatures of the deep contending for his beloved comrades. Then he saw a sailor's form rise up close to the boat and a hand strive to grasp the side.

A woman in the craft called out in agony: "Save him! Oh, save him, sir! He is my husband," but there was no room for another, and the boat was laboring heavily as it was. Russell looked at the woman and then at her children, then at those beseeching eyes in the deep, and, rising in the stern, he plunged into the water and helped the sailor into what had been his own place. Then amid a chorus of "God bless you" from every one in the boat the brave young officer turned to meet his death.—*Pearson's Weekly.*

CANCER A PUZZLE

In Many of Its Phases It Baffles Medical Science.

ITS CAUSES ARE NOT KNOWN.

Neither Is It Revealed Whether the Disease Is Hereditary or Not—In Its First Stage It Is Curable—How the Malignant Growths Spread.

"The word 'cancer,' says World's Work, 'though it figures largely in popular speech, is used with less and less frequency in medical literature. There is probably no word comprehensive enough to include all the kinds of abnormal growths to which the human frame is subject. Cancer is merely one shape in which this tendency to abnormality manifests itself.

"The human body in its ideal condition is a symmetrical product. It consists of a multitude of parts, each developing not only with reference to itself, but in perfect harmony with the rest of the organism. A subtle influence, known as the power of organization, regulates this highly important matter. An arm, a leg, a nose, a chin, any organ or member which one cares to name—does not develop independently, but preserves important relations with the rest of the body. Our four fingers and thumbs have constantly in mind the rights of one another. When one reaches a certain size it does not keep on growing, but stops. If it still went on a single finger would reach a length of several feet in a lifetime.

"Any observant person, however, is aware that this law is constantly violated. On almost any part of the body little independent growths start into existence. These are composed of minute groups of rebellious cells, small colonies which for some reason ignore this law of development and start on an independent existence of their own. They serve no physiological purpose. When harmless, as they frequently are, they are merely inconvenient blemishes. When dangerous they end by destroying life.

"All manifestations of this lawless tendency are the queer formations commonly known as warts and moles. There are other more noteworthy protuberances, such as 'wens,' that grow inexplicably, frequently upon the scalp reach a certain size, and then stop. This latter growth belongs to the general class of tumors known as benign. They are benign simply because after developing sluggishly to a certain point their growth is mysteriously arrested. Between benign tumors and the most malignant cancers there is only this difference: That the latter have the power of unlimited growth.

"The true cancer, once started on its riotous career, keeps on and digs deep into healthy surrounding tissue and destroys it, until finally, for a variety of reasons, it kills the patient. In some cases a benign growth which has remained quiescent for years suddenly develops a new vitality and becomes malignant. There are those who maintain, though the occurrence is certainly rare, that a harmless wart may sometimes develop into a genuine cancer. The point to be brought in mind is that all these abnormal growths are related; that the only thing that makes one malignant and another not is this tendency to keep growing.

"A genuine cancer in its final stages has another development. It no longer confines its activity to the original seat, but starts new cancers in other parts of the body. Certain groups of cancer cells break away from the primary headquarters, escape into the blood stream and start new growths elsewhere. This is the phenomenon known as 'generalized cancer.'

Millions of dollars have been devoted to the study of cancer and its cure, and every known scientist is wide awake to the study of the disease and to grasp hold of anything that may indicate a possibility of its alteration. The points upon which the authorities on cancer in this country agree, says the New York World, are as follows:

First—Cancer in its first stage is local and is curable.

Second—The causes of cancer are not known.

Third—It is not known whether or not cancer is hereditary.

Fourth—There is absolutely no cure for cancer except to cut it out.

Fifth—Go to a physician at the first sign of trouble. Preferably, be examined by a physician at frequent intervals anyhow.

Sixth—The idea that cancer in plants may give rise to cancer in man is fantastic. Tumors are not contagious.

Seventh—Radium does not permanently cure internal cancer. It may check the growth for awhile, but sooner or later it comes back. Popular belief in radium is based on the fact that only the occasional cures are heard from—not the failures. The failures outnumber the cures 100 to 1.

A Good Sign.

In digging out an apothecary's shop in Pompeii the workmen brought to light a notice that confronted visitors to the place 2,000 years ago: "Otho's non est locus; discede, morator." It is a good sign for the modern office or place of business. Callers who know Latin will read it for themselves. Those who do not will ask what it means. Then comes your opportunity: "This is no place for filers. Looser, get out!"—*Youth's Companion.*

One day is worth two tomorrow. Have you something to do tomorrow? Do it today.—*R. Franklin.*

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Bears the Signature of *Wm. D. Druggist*

Parajan Swashbucklers.

At one time the mousquetaire was a notable type, common on the boulevards of Paris, of the swaggering brigand. These audacious Parisians were in evidence at the end of the empire. After the war of 1870 they reappeared at Turin. There upon the steps about De Scholl were seated the famous Alfonso de Almada, Riquelme, O. de Borda, Chapron, Feuillant and Gaston Jollivet, who freely employed his valor and the wisdom of his wit in quenching the conflicts. A difficult task, for these altercations frequently were made out of nothing.

"Monsieur," one of the mousquetaires would suddenly declare to an inoffensive passer by, "you have been looking at me cross-eyed. I do not like that."

"No"—the other would begin his reply.

"Ah, ha! Then I have Red! There's my card!"

Then there would be a meeting on the field of honor. Oh, that was a beautiful time!

Babies Fear the Force of Gravity.

The first experiment which a baby makes is connected with the force of gravity. It is born with an instinctive or ancestral dread of the unrestrained action of that force upon its own body, and it is said to be able to cling with tenacity to a stick or branch of a tree. Later on it takes pleasure in dropping miscellaneous objects to see them fall, perhaps to see if they all fall alike.

And a very remarkable fact it is which is thus observed: The most familiar of all material facts and one of the least understood—least understood, that is, of all the simple physical facts which must surely be well within the limits of human comprehension. For if a philosopher is asked why all bodies tend to move toward the earth and why they all fall with steady, equal acceleration unless retarded or checked somehow he has to reply that he does not know.—*Sir Oliver Lodge in Harper's Magazine.*

Four Leafed Clover.

Since four leafed clover is said to be lucky it might be well to know how it happens that while most clover has only three leaves one is found now and then with four.

According to J. Perrins, who discusses the question in the *Archives des Sciences Physiques et Naturelles*, clovers with more than three leaves are due to two causes, one hereditary, the other nutritive. After a moist season clover plants with four or even five, six or seven leaves are relatively common, and plants with only two leaves are also seen at such times, but these are very rare.

But some plants are abnormal by heredity and reproduce themselves with the same characteristics in successive years when their environment remains the same, external influences merely modifying the size of the leaves.

France and the Frenchman.

The French are probably the most patriotic people in the world. The average half educated Frenchman is deeply persuaded that his country is an oasis of civilization surrounded with limitless stretches of barbarism.

This is what he believes, but his coarser presents him from being offensive about it. In his estimation the rest of the world simply does not count. He knows that there are other parts of the world, but that they are not worth his while to visit or to inquire about. That is why the Frenchman rarely travels and never emigrates. He will ask you with surprise why he should travel, seeing that he is already in France and that he has no taste for savages or wild beasts. And as for its government, it is notoriously the best in the world, with a future so glorious as to defy the imagination. He will say all this with a disarming charm. He piles up for being a foreigner, but he does not hate you on that account, for, of course, you cannot help it.—*Argonaut.*

Colors and Tints.

Colors are mixed as follows to obtain tints:

For brown mix red and black.

For purple mix white, blue and lake.

For pink mix white and carmine.

For silver gray mix indigo and lamp-black.

For lead color mix white and lamp-black.

For dark green mix light green and black.

For pea green mix white and green.

For brilliant green mix white and emerald green.

For orange mix red and yellow.

For pearl gray mix white, blue and black.

For flesh color mix white, lake and vermilion.

For drab mixumber, white and venetian.

For cream mix white, yellow and venetian.

For olive mix red, blue and black.

For buff mix yellow and a little venetian.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

Human Hair Traffic.

The trade in human hair is a big industry. Italians easily take the lead in this traffic, the main source of their supply being obtained from the peasant women of Italy, Dalmatia and Switzerland. Several times a year these human hair merchants send their agents around to collect supplies, which are usually immense, for hair growing is cultivated on a very large scale by these women and yields a good remuneration to the producer. Two crops of hair a year and looking none the worse for the loss is not extraordinary among the peasant women. Half the hair at the back of the head is shorn off, the remaining half being drawn over the exposed part and dressed in such a manner as only to be detected on very close scrutiny and by those experienced in the trade.

An Extraordinary Man.

"Yes, indeed, my husband is a remarkable man."

"I suppose nearly every woman has that opinion of her husband."

"But I'm sure my husband is an extraordinary man. I told him this morning where something was in one of the closets, and he found it."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

CHANGED HIS SHAPE.

Effect of Open Air Life Upon the Man of Business of Today.

"The American man, the American business man of forty or forty-five, has got a new shape," said a tailor. "He's got a lean, straight shape—full chest, narrow hips. But if you could have seen him a generation ago!

"The business man of forty expected to be fat and soft a generation ago. He rather admitted, in fact, a fat, soft shape. The richest business men were fat and soft, and that made a fashion of it. Just as Queen Alexandra's launess made a limp fashionable in Victorian times.

"What stomachs our fathers had at forty or forty-five—feather bed stomachs, which they balanced by bending backward! A big stomach was a sign of success, a sign of gentility. If you were lean—why, you must be a laborer. Perhaps you didn't get enough to eat."

"What is the cause of the slender, agile figures of today? Open air and exercise, that's the cause. Golf is the cause. Motoring is the cause.

"My friend," the tailor impressively ended, "my books show that the middle aged business man of today is four inches bigger around the chest than the middle aged business man of 1850 and eighteen inches smaller around the stomach."—*New York Tribune.*

ANCIENT HIGH FINANCE.

When White Deerskins Passed as Currency in China.

In China, the first country to use banknotes, certain skins were once of such great value that they were accepted as cash, passing from hand to hand in the same way as banknotes of the present day. The negotiability of these skins was established in this way:

The Emperor on Ti, being in want of money, gave his treasurer to understand that such a state of affairs must not continue. At that time it was customary for princes and courtiers on entering the royal presence to cover their faces with pieces of skin. Taking advantage of this custom, the treasurer procured the issuance of a decree forbidding the use of any other skins for this purpose save those of a certain species of white deer in the royal parks.

Immediately, of course, there arose a demand for pieces of these skins, which, being a monopoly, were sold at a high price.

Thus were the royal coffers refilled. The steady value of the skins thus obtained made them readily a substitute for coin of the realm.

In the Russian seal fisheries of Alaska the workmen were formerly paid in the currency stamped on squares of walrus hides.—*Washington Star.*

Wyoming Has Many High Mountains.

Wyoming has many mountains exceeding 13,000 feet in height and of these three approach the 14,000 foot mark, according to the United States geological survey. They are Gannett peak, 13,783 feet; Grand Teton, 13,747 feet, and Fremont peak, 13,730 feet. Cloud peak, one of the most beautiful mountains in the state, is 13,730 feet above sea level. Besides these mountains Wyoming has thirty-one other named peaks upward of 12,000 feet in height and some forty unnamed mountains which exceed that altitude.

An interesting story might be written of the thousands of lofty unnamed mountain peaks of the west which are nearly double the height of the very highest mountains in the entire Appalachian mountain system in the eastern portion of the country. Colorado alone has dozens of mountains with out name which are more than double the height of our most lofty eastern mountain.

Stones and Glass Houses.

The origin of the saying "Those who live in glass houses should not throw stones" is as follows: At the time of the union of England and Scotland London was inundated with Scotchmen, and the London roughs used to go about at night breaking their windows. Buckingham being considered the chief instigator of the mischief, a party of Scotchmen smashed the windows of the duke's mansion, known as the Glass House. The court favorite appealed to the king, who replied, "Steenie, Steenie, those who live in glass houses should be careful how they fling stones!"

Feeding on Sunlight.

Major Miramond de la Roquette of the French army medical corps in reporting to the Academie des Sciences the results of some observations in southern Algeria on the relation between diet and sunlight gave it as his opinion that the tissues of the human body directly utilize the radiant energy of the sunshine. The normal diet of the natives of hot and sunny climates is far lower both in quantity and in nutritive quality than that of inhabitants of less favored regions, the sunlight seeming to make up the difference.

Easy Fitting.

The king of England, when he wants a new suit of clothes, is not put to the trouble that ordinary mortals suffer. Each of the royal tailors possesses a dummy figure of the king's exact proportions, and when the suits are taken home trying on is unnecessary. If the king particularly likes a special suit he will wear it at intervals for months, but he never wears the same clothes on two consecutive days. About thirty suits are in ordinary wear, including shooting and riding kits, and the king owns nearly 100 British and foreign uniforms, some of which are perhaps worn once in a dozen years.

Often the Case.

"It was a fair fight, wasn't it?"

"Sure it was. The under dog got whipped."

"Call that a fair fight?"

"Wait now, let me explain. The under dog provoked it."—*St. Louis Republic.*

Discretion and Valor.

Judge—How dared you strike your wife, sir? Husband—Well, she had her back to me and the kitchen door was open, so I took a chance.—*New York Globe.*

ELECTRICITY.

And the Terms Energy, Pressure, Intensity and Quantity.

What is electricity? The question was put directly to Dr. Charles Proteus Steinmetz, the famous expert, in the hope that he—thin whom no one knows more about it—might be able to tell what it is at least to give a definite idea of what it may be. Dr. Steinmetz replied:

"Electricity is a loose term, used miscellaneously in referring to all matters electrical.

"To give it definite meaning one must know whether reference is made to electrical energy, electrical pressure, electrical intensity or electrical quantity.

"Electrical quantity (represented in the electrical current) is generally assumed by scientists to be a substance with atomical structure, the unit of which is the electron.

"Electrical pressure is meant in referring to the voltage. Electrical intensity is the voltage per unit length.

"Magnetism is a similar term, which does not mean anything to the scientist. Two pieces of steel may have exactly the same structure as far as magnetic force determining, and yet one may contain magnetism quantity and the other be without it, or the two may contain the same amount of magnetism quantity and have different magnetic intensity. Quantity times intensity equals energy.

"There may be the same quantity of water in two pipes and different pressure, or there may be the same pressure and different quantity. If water, the liquid, water-pressure and water power were all loosely called water we should have the same confusion that the words electricity and magnetism suggest to the scientist."

"Is there such a thing as electricity?" he was asked.

"I cannot state positively that electrical quantity is a substance," Dr. Steinmetz replied, "or that there is such a thing as the electron. I say simply that this is the most commonly accepted theory."—*New York World.*

POE AND "THE RAVEN."

His Comment on the Thinking Footfalls and the Bird's Shadow.

In a letter written on Dec. 15, 1814, to G. W. Barrett of Phillips, Me., Edgar Allan Poe, in commenting on his famous poem, "The Raven," said:

"For the purpose of poetry it is quite sufficient that a thing is possible, or at least that the improbability be not offensively glaring. It is true that in several ways, as you say, the lamp might have thrown the bird's shadow on the floor. My conception was that of the bracket candelabrum affixed against the walls, high up above the door and bust, as is often seen in the English palaces and even in some of the better houses in New York.

"Your objection to the thinking of the footfalls is far more pointed and to the course of composition occurred so forcibly to myself that I hesitated to use the term. I finally used it, because I saw that it had, in its first conception, been suggested to my mind by the sense of the supernatural with which it was at the moment filled. No human or physical foot could tread on a soft carpet—therefore the thinking of foot would vividly convey the supernatural impression.

"Your appreciation of 'The Sleeper' delights me. In higher qualities of poetry it is better than 'The Raven,' but there is not one man in a million who could be brought to agree with me in this opinion. 'The Raven,' of course, is far the better as a work of art—but in the true basis of all art 'The Sleeper' is the superior. I wrote the latter when quite

MARRIAGE MOURNERS.

Was of a German Club When One of Its Members Died.

There are other places besides All Souls' college, Oxford, that penalize a member who marries. Many readers have doubtless heard of the Hachelors' club in London. When a member so far forgets the principles of the club as to marry he is promptly expelled. By payment of a fine of \$125 he can, however, retain his honorary membership, but of course he cannot enjoy the privileges of this select band of camaradering men.

There is a similar organization in Germany—the Junggellen club. Whenever there comes to the officials of this club any intimation that a member contemplates matrimony he is immediately summoned for trial in the club court, with the president as judge. The culprit is allowed to plead in extenuation of his offense, and upon his skill in presenting such plea depends the amount of his fine, which ranges from \$100 to \$1,000.

The humorous feature of the fine consists in the purpose to which the money is applied. The money is devoted to a dinner, where all members appear in tuxedo attire. At the conclusion of the report the president solemnly reads the sentence of expulsion, and the delinquent is led from the room and the guests and lamentations of his erstwhile clubfellows.—London Tit-Bits.

LUXURY IN ARGENTINA.

The Big Story They Tell of a Buenos Aires Hotel Charges.

The hotel of Buenos Aires is fairly good and very expensive. One of the cheapest rooms I saw in the Plaza Hotel was \$1 a day, European style. There are good Spanish hotels with rooms from \$2 a day upward.

The Plaza is, perhaps, the most cosmopolitan of all the hotels of the city. In its ballroom and its drawing room I was reminded of the Waldorf-Astoria. The meals are a little higher than in the big hotels of New York city. But there are numerous small restaurants where good refreshments may be had at reasonable prices.

As an example of the charges in the big hotels of Buenos Aires I may quote a story told me by an Argentine official. He said that some years ago a commission of European ambassadors was entertained by the Argentine government at the Bristol hotel on the Avenida de Mayo and that the bill for soap and bath towels was \$15,000 a week. Nobody seemed to complain and apparently everybody was satisfied.

Luxuries seem to be necessities in Argentina, for I was told that the tariff on champagne is only 2 per cent, while that on a plow is 50 per cent.—National Magazine.

The Shrewd Advertiser.

The thoughtful man thinks ahead. The prudent man profits by his ability to forecast the future as well as to scrutinize the present. One of the most prominent advertisers in the country says he makes it a rule to increase his advertising appropriation whenever business slackens and he doubles and triples it in times of severe business depression. This is his logical conclusion: "The new customers that I get when times are hard I always keep when times become good. They come to me largely from those who lose their business because they fail to continue their publicity campaign. A business depression in this country never lasts long and it is always seed time for me. The harvest follows when prosperity returns." It is a wise man who knows his own business better than the other man does.—Leslie's.

Weight of a Lion.

What does a lion weigh? Those who know the look of the king of beasts best and how small his little body really is will probably come farthest from the truth. About 300 to 350 pounds is a usual estimate, but a full grown lion will tip the scales at no less than 500 pounds. Five hundred and forty pounds is the record for an African lion. His bone is solid and heavy as ivory. A Bengal tiger killed by an English officer scaled 320 pounds. A tiger this size has, however, considerably more muscular strength than the big cat lion.

Hired His Newspaper.

Lady Taylor once took a friend to see the poet Tennyson and was rather coldly received. On Lady Taylor rallying him on his manner he said:

"Madam, I am a poor man, and as I can't afford to buy the Times I have it from the stationer. He charges me 2 cents for it, which entitles me to keep it an hour. Why will people select just that hour to come and call on me?"

His Periodicals.

"Do you take any periodicals?" asked the clergyman on his first round of parish visits.

"Well, I don't," replied the woman. "But my husband takes 'em frequent. I do wish you'd try to get him to sign the pledge."—Judge.

Fraternal Obligations.

"We will now take up our annual collection for the benefit of the sailors," announced the Rev. Dr. Fourthly at the close of his sermon. "And I hope those young men in the back seats who have been making so much noise all through this service will be especially liberal in their contribution. They are in duty and bower bound to help their brother seamen."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Her First Visit.

Mrs. Youngblood—I'd like some fish, please. What are these in the barrel? Clerk—Salt mackerel, ma'am. Mrs. Youngblood—Are they quite fresh?—Boston Transcript.

There Was a Comparison.

—Does your wife think you're the best man who ever lived? Jones—Of course not. I'm her second best.—Life.

THE SURGEON'S GLOVES.

As Wears Them While Operating Since He Can't Get Clean Hands.

While the surgeon's success depends to a large extent upon his hands, they are at the same time a source of the greatest danger to himself and his patient.

No process has yet been discovered which makes it certain that a surgeon's hands are free from microbes and incapable of carrying infection to a patient. This is why the good surgeon will not perform the most trivial operation without first covering his hands with properly sterilized gloves. Prolonged scrubbing with soap and running water, followed by another thorough scrubbing in from 75 to 80 per cent alcohol, removes the outer layers of skin and bacteria and makes the surface of the hands sufficiently clean.

Just then still remains the danger that many microbes which may be concealed in the tiny crevices at the base of the little hair glands will be forced to the surface by perspiration and the use of the hands in handling instruments and make an infection of the wound possible. While practical experience shows that this danger is very slight, yet the possibility is sufficient to make it undesirable ever to operate with the bare hands.—New York American.

SHOOTING THE RAPIDS.

Feats of the Arab Boys of Egypt Who Are Expert Swimmers.

Among the most expert of swimmers are the Arab boys of Egypt. Like all other boys, they are fond of displaying their skill before strangers. This is how they shoot the rapids of the Nile: Seating themselves astride a log of wood about six feet long and buoyant enough to support them waist high out of water, they ride it with the seat and gestures of a jockey and with hands and feet keep it straight with the line of the current.

The fall is shot with an ease and grace that do away with the sense of danger one would expect to feel at seeing a human being hurled along amid such a host and turmoil of waters, but once at the bottom the youngsters have a hard struggle to induce their "bodies" to turn out of the current.

To do this they avail themselves of the impetus acquired by the log in its shoot, and, throwing themselves full length upon it, they seem, with a sudden stroke from the left leg and arm, to drive it and themselves out of the current.

To fall in this would be dangerous even to Arab swimmers. Immediately below the ugly rocks on which the heavy stream breaks with great violence.—Exchange.

They Were Solid.

Doubtless you have heard the story of the retired contractor who had engaged an artist to paint a portrait of his daughter. "Mind you," he said to the astonished artist, "I want none of your cheap slapdash work—three good coats."

Which bonnet leads me up to the story that a teacher in one of the west side schools told me the other day about a little girl. Her parents, it seemed, had been celebrating their silver wedding, and little Rosie the next morning, with commendable family pride, was boasting of the quality of the presents received.

"There was a whole set," she said. "Of solid silver teaspoons." "Are you sure, Rosie," asked the teacher, "that the spoons were solid?" "Oh, yes," was the reply triumphant; "solid silver—triple plate."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Candle Power.

In computing candle power it must be remembered that as there are many different sizes of candles the rate of burning and intensity of light radiated would vary, so that the standard candle, upon which England and the United States agree, must be used. This standard candle is made of pure spermaceti, exactly round, seven-eighths inch in diameter and of a length such that six weigh one pound, and with wick adjusted to burn 120 grains of spermaceti per hour. And the 1,000-candle power searchlight must emit a light equal to 1,000,000 standard candles.—New York American.

Maybe He Got It Back.

Brown and Jones were leaning on a polished counter and talking intimately. Then said Brown to Jones:

"Look here, old man. Suppose you were to come around to my apartment one of these days and should walk up to my room and, receiving no answer to your knock, should come in and find my lifeless body stretched out cold across the bed. Now, in a case like that, what would you do?"

"I'll tell you," answered Jones after thinking it over. "I'd institute an immediate search for the \$5 you have owed me for two rents."—Exchange.

The New Woman.

Simone Ford, the humorist, said at a recent dinner:

"The new woman is a commanding figure. Man buckles down to her. 'Man, the conqueror, when he would win a woman in the past, brought her to the dust. Today, on the contrary, he brings the dust to her.'—Chicago Record-Herald.

Reckless Driving.

Mabel—I see Charlie has his hand in a sling. Mark—Yes, reckless driving. Mabel—Auto? Mark—No. Mabel—Horse? Mark—No, hammer.—Life.

See that your children be taught not only the labors of the earth, but the lordliness of it.—John Ruskin.

Both Cautious.

M. D.—Would you have the price if I said you needed an operation? Man—No—Would you say I needed an operation if you thought I didn't have the price?—Life.

He conquers grief who can take a firm resolution.—Goethe

FLUORINE A HAZID GAS.

Nothing Can Resist the Power of This Chemical Fury.

The fury of the chemical world is the element fluorine, although, strangely enough, it exists peacefully in company with calcium in fluor spar and also in a few other compounds.

Although this element was known and named a good while ago, it long resisted the efforts of chemists to isolate it, for the instant the compound containing it was torn apart the free fluorine attacked and combined with whatever substance composed the vessel containing it. It was finally isolated by the great French chemist Moissan.

Fluorine is a rabid gas that nothing can resist. It combines with all metals, explosively with some, or if they are already combined with some other nonmetallic element it mercilessly tears them away from it and takes them to itself. In uniting with sodium, potassium, calcium, magnesium and aluminum the metals become heated, even to redness, by the fervor of its embrace. Iron filings, slightly warmed burst into brilliant scintillations when exposed to it. Manganese does the same. Even the noble metals, which at melting heat proudly resist the fascinations of oxygen, succumb to this chemical alien at moderate temperatures.

Glass is devoured at once and water ceases to be water by contact with this gas, which, combined with its hydrogen, at the same moment forms the acid, glass dissolving hydrofluoric acid and liberates ozone.

Even hydrofluoric acid eats into and destroys every known substance except platinum and lead.—Exchange.

BURNING WATER.

Coal Wat Gives a Much Larger Amount of Heat Than When Dry.

Dry coal does not produce as much heat as coal that is considerably damp. It is, of course, a fact that a greater heat makes the fuel more valuable, and it is essential to know how to secure the most from ordinary fuel.

Coal that is to be burned in a furnace, a stove or a grate for immediate heat will produce nearly one-fourth more heat when wet than when dry. Coal that is to be placed in a stove or furnace to be closed up so as to produce a long continued, moderate heat will produce a little more than one-third more heat if there is plenty of moisture than can be secured if the coal is real dry.

Large lumps of coal can be soaked in a pail of water for a half hour, and the heat will be increased nearly one half. This is done in cases where the lumps are used in stoves tightly closed, such as those known as air tight furnaces.

Several pails of water thrown over a ton of coal will increase its value greatly to the consumer. Coal will burn briskly in wet and almost airless mines, and it is said the heat is intense. When there is a fire and the coal pile burns it is difficult to douse that portion of the fire with water. We might as well secure a little of the heat stored in burning water as to permit it all to go unused.—Philadelphia North American.

Allah and the Cotton Worm.

This glimpse of oriental character is from John A. Todd's "The Banks of the Nile":

"Well, how is the cotton worm now?" said an English cotton worm inspector to an old Egyptian sheik. "Finished. There is none. How can there be cotton worms now? It is more than our life is worth. If we do not pick the cotton worms you find us, you send us to prison, you take us as prisoners to another man's fields and make us pick his cotton worm. What can we do? And so there is no cotton worm." "And hasn't it saved your cotton this year?" "Assuredly, the praise to Allah." "Then won't you do all this picking next year without us coming to make you do it?" "No." "Why?" "Because that is the way Allah made us!"

The Annual Rainfall.

According to an estimate by Sir John Murray, the total annual rainfall upon all the land of the globe amounts to 20,247.4 cubic miles and of this quantity 6,524 cubic miles drains off through rivers to the sea. A cubic mile of river water weighs approximately 4,205,600 tons and carries in solution on the average about 426,000 tons of foreign matter. In all, about 2,735,000,000 tons of solid substances are thus carried annually to the ocean.—United States Geological Survey.

Two Wise Ones.

The young man carefully removed the cigars from his vest pocket and placed them on the piano. Then he opened his arms. But the young girl did not flutter to them. "You," she said coldly, "have loved before."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Woman's Way.

"Say, did you ever know a woman to buy what she wanted at the first store she came to?" "Yes. My wife frequently does—that is, she returns to it after she's been through all the other stores."—Boston Transcript.

Involved.

Blinks—I notice that you have a thread tied round your finger. I suppose that is to remind you of something? Jinks—Not exactly. It is to remind my wife to ask me if I forgot something she told me to remember.—Exchange.

It is wiser being good than being bad.—Browning.

Boarded by a Pirate.

Miss Gush—Oh, captain, were you ever boarded by a pirate? Captain Storms—Yes, he charged me \$3 a day for a bedroom on the fourth floor.—Christian Register.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

A CURIOSITY.

It Was a Clever Ruse and Thoroughly Scared the Burglars.

For a time during the eighteenth century in England there was a lull in the robbery industry owing to an odd incident. Shortly after the execution of an English burglar named Elliston a curious communication purporting to have been written by him was put into circulation.

"Now, as I am a dying man," it ran, "I have done something which may be of good use to the public. I have left with an honest man—the only honest man I was ever acquainted with—the names of all my wicked brethren, the places of their abode, with a short account of the chief crimes they have committed. In many of which I have been the accomplice and heard the rest from their own mouths. I have likewise set down the names of those we call our setters, of the houses we frequent and all of those who receive and buy our stolen goods. I have solemnly charged this honest man and have received his promise upon oath that whenever he hears of any rogue to be tried for robbery or housebreaking he will look into his list and if he finds there the name of the thief concerned to send the whole paper to the government. Of this I here give my companions fair and public warning and hope they will take it."

It is said the list was so effectual that for a long time pickpockets and burglars in that part of England went into panic stricken retirement. And this being so, it is just as well they did not know that the letter was a clever forgery, the work of that prince of wits and humorists, Dean Swift.

HOAXED THE STATESMEN.

And at the Same Time Paul Blaruit Prayed His Proposition.

Paul Blaruit, a writer on the Paris Bazaar, contended that too many statues were being erected all over France to obscure heroes, too many official speeches made to celebrate intellectual nonentities, and Radical politicians generally are the blindest leaders of the blind.

To prove his theory that this was due to the fact that the living were delighted by public posing, he invented a celebrity to glorify and called him Hecgesippe Simon. No such man ever existed, but he described him in his letter as a most wonderful precursor of modern light and progress. To give his letter a certain importance he headed it with a motto to the following effect: "Darkness fades when the sun rises," representing it as the most remarkable dictum of the remarkable Hecgesippe Simon.

Under this glorious motto he placed the title of his bogus committee, which he dubbed "public committee for the celebration of the centenary of Hecgesippe Simon." He selected the names of 100 Radical deputies in alphabetical order and sent them each a letter, in which he said: "Thanks to the liberality of a generous donor, the disciples of Hecgesippe Simon are now enabled to erect a statue in his honor. We desire to inscribe your name as an honorary member of the committee to celebrate the centenary of this great educator of democracy."

Blaruit received letters of acceptance from a large number of deputies, senators and ministers.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Bright Definitions.

Here are some schoolboy "howlers" sent us by a Welsh schoolmaster:

"The principal vegetable and mineral products in America are thinned meat and borking strikers." "The temperate zone is the region where no one drinks too much." "The English Jenson is not altogether free from humor." "The masculine of autumn is raising; of heroine, kipped." "The feminine of he goat is she went; of hero, shero." "A corps is a dead gentleman; a corpse is a dead lady."—London Tit-Bits.

Blind Obedience.

"I have often wondered," remarked Mrs. Rogers, "how a horse feels. A horse hasn't any idea what is going to happen to him when he is harnessed. He doesn't know how far he is going or what he is going for. To be driven hither and thither, blindly, seemingly without purpose, with no idea of what it's all about or when it will be over—how must the poor creature feel—what must he think about it all?" "I suppose," said Mr. Rogers wearily, "that he must feel just as I do when you take me on a shopping expedition with you!"—London Mail.

What Did He Mean?

Dr. Stanley Coulter says the shortest and sweetest introduction he ever had to an audience was by a student at Cornell university. Said this young man concisely, "I do not have to speak many words to introduce Dr. Coulter, for he is too well known already." "I never could make out just what that student meant," said Dr. Coulter.—Indianapolis News.

The Contrary.

"I dropped some money in the market today," announced Mr. Wyss at the dinner table.

"Again?" exclaimed Mrs. Wyss reproachfully. "No," replied Mr. Wyss mournfully, "a loss."—Exchange.

Candid.

Elsie—Mamma, I don't feel well. Mother—That's too bad, dear. Where do you feel worst? Elsie—in school, mamma.—Boston Transcript.

Frugality is a fair fortune and habits of industry a good estate.—Franklin.

A Golf Record.

Another golf record has been broken. A man has fooled thirteen times in succession without saying one naughty word. He is a dumb man.—Charleston News and Courier.

Pike's Peak.

Zebulon Montgomery Pike, an officer in the United States army, discovered the famous peak that bears his name on Nov. 15, 1806.

Lore of the Sea.

Some remarkable advice to seafarers is given in an old Portuguese book, published for the guidance of mariners. Among other things it deals with the rights of captains to assault sailors, and the methods in which the attacks are to be legally met.

The sailor is advised to bear calmly any verbal abuse that an irate skipper may hurl at him, but if words passed to blows he was to run away to the bows and firmly take his stand beside the anchor chain.

Should an infuriated master, armed with a belaying pin or other lethal weapon, chase him to his stronghold, the mariner was to slip round to the farther side of the chain. Should he still be pursued, he was to call his messmates to witness that the master had broken the rules by circumventing the chain.

Then, at last, he was to defend himself—and let it be hoped he would do it well. Other little matters of discipline are set out, and they show a noble effort to make the punishment fit the crime.

The ship's clerk, a privileged person who acted as bookkeeper, purser and cargo-master, was liable to be branded in the forehead, to lose his right hand, and to forfeit all his property if he made a wrong entry in the ship's book, or connived at such an entry.

A seaman who fell asleep on his watch was only put on a diet of bread and water, unless the offence was committed in hostile waters. In that case he must be stripped naked, flogged by his messmates, and ducked thrice in the sea.

If he were an officer, however, he would only lose all food except his bread, and have a pail of water hung over him from the head downwards.—Tit-Bits.

Not Her Sort.

After he had fallen upon his knees and kissed her hand she said:

"Before I answer 'Yes' or 'No,' there are some things I would like to ask you. Do you ever drink or gamble?"

"No," he eagerly replied, "I do not know what the taste of liquor is. I have never, defiled my lips with tobacco. I have never uttered a profane word in my life. I have never even played bridge where a prize was at stake."

"So looked at him thoughtfully for a moment, drew a long sigh and then asked:

"Have you ever broken a woman's heart?"

"Ah, how can you ask me that?" he almost reproachfully answered. "If I had ever spoken words of love to another I would not deem myself worthy to touch the hem of your garment. I have never cared for anyone but you. I have never kissed any woman except my mother. I have never given any girl cause to utter one sorrowful sigh. Yours is the first dear, soft, little mind that I have ever held in my own. Never before tonight have I looked into any girl's eyes as I am looking into your deep, soulful eyes. Never."

"Oh, dear," she impatiently interrupted, drawing her hand away from him. "It's after 8 o'clock, and you shouldn't be so far away from home at this time of night. Wait a minute, please, and I'll see if I can't get my brother Tom, to go with you. Your mamma must be terribly worried."—Exchange.

The Retort Courteous.

The recent unfortunate fracas at the Strand Palace hotel reminds me of the great tact and presence of mind of a friend of mine in almost the same circumstances. He was dining at the Cato Royal and, despite himself, he cast glances rather too frequently at an amazingly lovely woman dining with a man at a table a little way off.

Suddenly the man arose, walked across and said: "May I ask you why you are staring so at my wife? Don't you think it is rather rude?" My friend, looking up at the stranger with a charming smile, answered: "I was looking at the lady because she was so extraordinarily beautiful. As she is your wife, I congratulate you, if you think it rude of me to admire her sincerely apologize."

For an instant the stranger seemed uncertain how to reply. Then he, too, smiled. "Thank you," he said. "I will go back and tell my wife." He did, and then she smiled.—London Express.

Three Futile Hints.

President Wilson, thanks in part to his training at Princeton, but thanks in greater part to his tact, is said to receive and dismiss visitors more adroitly than any former occupant of the White house.

Sometimes, however, a stupid visitor turns up and then President Wilson's tact is unappreciated and the visitor overplays his time. Apropos of such visitors the president told a story.

"There was an old fellow," he said, "who was praising the rising young lawyer of the town."

"George, for a busy man," said the fellow, "is one of the pleasantest chaps I ever met. Why, I dropped in on him for a social call this morning and I hadn't been chattering with him more than 15 minutes before he'd told me three times to come and see him again!"—Washington Star.

Doubly an Agnostic.

President Haley had been much annoyed by the persistency with which a young man who boasted of being an agnostic discussed his religious beliefs in the history class. One day he was giving his class a brisk oral examination. The young man always ready to argue, was having a hard time with the direct, pointed questions that Professor Haley shot at him.

"I believe," remarked the professor, after a bit, with his usual lip, "that you are an agnostic in religious matters."

"Yes, sir," answered the young man promptly, seizing an opportunity to escape from the grilling to which he was being subjected.

"I can assure you," said the professor setting down a zero in his grade-book, "that you are an agnostic in history as well."—Youth's Companion.

Wife-John, what is the difference between direct to taxation and indirect taxation? Husband—Why, the difference between your asking me for money and going through my trousers while I'm asleep.

Alibi That Failed.

The following is a story of a prisoner who became disgusted with his lawyer and took his case into own hands:

"You have no case, Mike," the convicted lawyer whispered. "You'll ruin yourself. You hit that Chinaman and a lot of people know it. The judge himself knows it. If you only had an alibi, a good witness to call."

"There's Tim Maginnis," said Mike pointing into the audience. "I spoke to him. He knows what to say."

"Fine. Take your case. I've had enough of it. When Hong Foo has finished his story you call Maginnis and ask him a question to show where you were when the Chin was struck."

At the proper moment, Mike, looking very wise and very self-important called Tim Maginnis.

"Mr. Maginnis," he began, "do you understand the nature of an oath?"

"I think I do," Tim replied, a bit carelessly.

"Well, sir," said Mike, holding his head high, "will you please tell the court where I was when I struck the Chinaman in front of the hotel?"

"Ye were home in bed," was the astounding reply. But poor Mike was convicted.—American Magazine.

To Recognize A Madonna.

An art missionary was giving an exhibition of pictures to a crowd of settlement children. One small boy seemed especially interested in the Madonnas and listened attentively to her explanation of the meaning conveyed by each picture.

When half a dozen Madonnas had been shown, he cried out excitedly, "Here's another of them like we've had before!"

"The earnest young woman turned with surprise. "Why, did you really recognize it?" she questioned.

"Yed-yer e not 'em every time," was the prompt response.

"Can you truly?" she queried, touched and pleased.

"Surest thing you know," the small critic replied.

"The art missionary thought a moment then said softly to him, "Yes, you are right. You can distinguish them from other pictures. There is a tenderness, a beauty, a sort of brooding, mother-love such as you never see anywhere but in the face of Mary as she looks at the Child Jesus."

"Now, isn't that," was the disgusted rejoinder. "It's them rings around their heads that gives 'em away."—New York Evening Post.

Not A Suppliant.

Mrs. Larkin had a very good household, who had been with her some years and one day the girl told her mistress that she would have to leave, as she was going to be married.

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Larkin, "and what is your future husband, Mary?" "Please, ma'am," was the reply, "he's an asker."

"A what?" questioned the mistress.

"An asker," repeated Mary.

"I don't understand," said Mrs. Larkin. "What does he do?"

